Engraved by Cook from an Original Picture in the possession of Mr. Duncomb.

Printed for John Bell, near Exeter Exchange Strand, London, June 4th. 1779.

Stothard del. Heath Sc.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN HUGHES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Round HUGHES's humble tho' diſtinguiſh'd urn
The Muſes, wreath'd with baleful cypreſs, mourn;
In ev'ry face a deep diſtreſs appears,
Each eye o'erflows with tributary tears.
Such was the ſcene when, by the gods requir'd,
Majeſtic Homer from the world retir'd:
Such grief the Nine o'er Maro's tomb beſtow'd,
And tears like theſe for Addiſon late flow'd.

MISS COWPER.

VOL. I.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1779.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN HUGHES.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES,	MASKS,
EPISTLES,	OPERA,

&c. &c. &c.

Lost in thy Works, how oft' I pass the day,
While the swift hours steal unperceiv'd away!
There, in sweet union, wit and virtue charm,
And noblest sentiments the bosom warm:
The brave, the wise, the virtuous, and the fair,
May view themselves in fadeless colours there.

J. BUNCE.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1779.

THE LIFE OF

JOHN HUGHES.

JOHN HUGHES, son of a worthy citizen of London, by Anne, the daughter of Isaac Burges, Esq. a gentleman of an ancient family and good estate in Wiltshire, was born at Marlborough in that county, Jan. 29. 1677. He was educated in London, and received the rudiments of learning in private schools.

At an early period of life he applied with ardour in the pursuit of the sister-arts of poetry, drawing, and music, in each of which he made considerable progress; but rather followed these as agreeable amusements, being liable to frequent confinement from indisposition, and a continual valetudinary state of health.

Mr. Hughes had for some time an employment in the office of Ordnance, and was Secretary to two or three commissions under the Great Seal, for purchasing lands for the better securing the docks and harbours of Portsmouth, Chatham, and Harwich.

The Triumph of Peace was our Author's first poem of any length which appeared in public. It was writ on occasion of the peace of Ryswick, and printed in 1697. A gentleman of Cambridge, in a letter to a friend of Mr. Hughes, 28th February 1697-8, gives

the following account of the reception that poem met with at Cambridge upon its publication. "I think I "never heard a poem read with so much admiration "as The Triumph of Peace was by our best critics "here, nor a greater character given to a young poet "at his first appearing; no, not even to Mr. Con- "greve himself. So nobly elevated are his thoughts, "his numbers so harmonious, and his turns so fine and "delicate, that we cry out with Tully on a like oc- "casion, *Nostræ spes altera Romæ!*" Much about this period Mr. Hughes wrote the tragedy of Amalasont, Queen of the Goths, which displays a fertile genius and a masterly invention; but as it was never design- ed by him for the press, nor revised and corrected in his riper age, the diction in general was too much neglected.

The Court of Neptune was writ on King Wil- liam's return from Holland, and was published in 1699. This poem he addressed to Mr. Montague, the general patron of the followers of the Muses. On this poem an ingenious gentleman, in a letter to Mr. Hughes, January 11. 1699, makes the following per- tinent remarks: "I am pleased to find that you al- "ways make choice of worthy subjects for your "Muse, and take it as an omen of something greater "to follow. Virgil, in his Bucolics, preluded his "Æneid, and first sung the praises of Augustus in

"eclogues, or copies of verses, before he attempted "an heroic poem. I am satisfied, by this specimen, "that you will never descend into the rank of those "little souls who make it their business only to please, "and have no other way to do that but by flattering "men in their vices and immoralities. I am sure vir- "tue is most for the interest of mankind, and those "poets have ever obtained the most honour in the "world who have made that the end and design of "their works. A wanton Sappho or Anacreon, among "the Ancients, never had the same praise as a Pindar "or Alcæus; nor, in the judgment of Horace, did "they deserve it. In the opinion of all posterity a "lewd and debauched Ovid did justly submit to the "worth of a Virgil; and in future ages a Dryden will "never be compared to a Milton. In all times, and "in all places of the world, the moral poets have been "ever the greatest, and as much superior to others in "wit as in virtue: nor does this seem difficult to be "accounted for, since the dignity of their subjects "naturally raised their ideas, and gave a grandeur to "their sentiments."—The same year 1699 our Author produced a song on the Duke of Gloucester's birth-day.

The House of Nassau, a Pindaric ode, was occasioned by the death of King William, and was published in 1702. This poem abounds with noble similies,

sublime sentiments, and happy allusions to some of the most beautiful passages in Horace and Virgil. Here our Author's genius shines in its full lustre. In Pindaric and lyric poetry he had, perhaps, no superior, and few equals. Though he enjoyed all the fire of imagination and divine enthusiasm for which some of the ancient poets are so deservedly admired, yet did his fancy never run away with his reason, but was always guided by a superior judgment. The harmony of his verse is exquisite. Cowley's Pindaric odes are, indeed, wrote with great strength and spirit, but they want that harmony of numbers which Horace requires as essential to a good poem. In the last stanza of this ode Mr. Hughes proved a true prophet of the glories that attended the reign of Queen Anne.

The Translation of the third ode of the third book of Horace, and the Paraphrase of the twenty-second ode of the first book, were both wrote when our Author was very young, and the latter of them was his first poetical essay which appeared in print.

The Paraphrase on the sixteenth ode of the second book of Horace was wrote in 1702; in which year Mr. Hughes, in a letter to a friend, assigned the reasons why he thought the odes of Horace fitter to be paraphrased than translated; and as the justness of his sentiments seems since confirmed by many unsuccessful attempts, I believe it will be entertaining to

the reader, though intended only for the gentleman to whom it was originally addreſſed. There is a native ſimplicity in writings of this kind which always gives pleaſure to perſons of good taſte. This letter is dated December 26. 1702, and is to the following purpoſe: "I am ſorry I could not wait on you yeſterday, as I intended; when I ſee you next you ſhall know the reaſon; in the mean-time I ſend this to beg your pardon, and have incloſed what I ſpoke to you of. That incomparable ode which Horace has addreſſed to his friend Groſphus I have choſen to preſent to one of the beſt of my friends, in as good an Engliſh dreſs as I am capable of giving it. The original is one of thoſe pieces in which Horace has ſhewn himſelf ſo great a maſter of human life, and given us at once a view of his good ſenſe and good humour. And this addreſs is uſual to him; for in the graveſt of his odes he does not ſeem to make his remarks on life like a pedant, to make you out of love with it, or to fright you from pleaſure, but to invite you to the true enjoyment of it; and thus far he was certainly in the right, tho' in the choice of his pleaſures he was often irregular. In this, as well as in all other reſpects, his moral odes infinitely exceed the choruſes in Seneca's tragedies; for in the firſt you have the free and unaffected morality of a gentleman, but in the latter the ſplenetic air of a ſevere Stoic. This ode has been in Engliſh before

"more than once, but whether well or ill tranflated
"I leave others to judge. I fhall only fay, that I have
"feen very few tranflations of Horace that I can be
"pleafed with, for moft have copied only his thoughts,
"without any thing of his diction, which is his prin-
"cipal beauty: it is that vivacity in his ftyle, and
"particularly in his epithets, which Petronius Arbi-
"ter calls a *curiofa felicitas*, and in which no man, in
"my opinion, refembled him fo much as Petronius
"himfelf, whofe profe is as inimitable as Horace's
"poetry. Indeed, in the time of Pope Urban VIII.
"who was a poet himfelf, Cafimire, a Polander and
"a Jefuit, wrote feveral odes in imitation of Horace,
"in which there appears a good genius; but his La-
"tin is not pure; and, befides the difadvantage of
"writing in a dead language, he is defective in judg-
"ment, and his fancy is not always well governed.
"Thofe who have fucceeded beft in their attempts
"on Horace in Englifh have chofen the way of pa-
"raphrafe as the moft proper, for his fenfe is fo clofe
"wrought, that it would appear ftiff and obfcure in a
"literal tranflation, if fuch a one could be made; and
"there are many good hints in him worth the pur-
"fuing. None have attempted to copy his numbers;
"for the Pindaric, which feems the fitteft for us, and
"gives us a greater liberty and variety, does not an-
"fwer the Latin meafures; yet I remember I once
"faw an attempt to write Englifh Sapphics, but it

" never was printed; and Sir Philip Sidney has com-" posed hexameters and other verses after the Latin " measure, but they are unnatural to our language, " for this reason chiefly, because we abound so much " in monosyllables. The Sapphic measure is indeed " very musical, and what Horace seems best to have " practised; but methinks it is too soft, and fit only " to be employed on love, and pleasant easy subjects: " it seems too much confined, like the usual measure " of our songs; and the lofty sense of some of his odes " is above it. Our English Pindaric is undoubtedly " more majestical, if it be well contrived, and the " various length and shortness of the lines, as well as " the mixture and return of the rhyme, well chosen; " and therefore, as I said before, it is the most pro-" per for such odes as have any thing of the sublime " in them. I wonder Horace did not introduce some-" thing like it into his language, being so great an " admirer of Pindar, and having in other respects " imitated him so finely, notwithstanding his decla-" ration, *Pindarum quisquis, &c.* that Pindar was ini-" mitable; in which he commends him in these words,

" Laurea donandus Apollinari,
" Seu per audaces nova dithyrambos
" Verba devolvit, numerisque fertur
" Lege solutis." *Lib.* iv. *Ode* 2.

" thus translated by Mr. Cowley;

" So Pindar does new words and figures roll
" Down his impetuous dithyrambic tide,
" Which in no channel deigns t' abide,
" Which neither banks nor dikes control."

"But this does not anſwer to the *numeris lege ſolutis*, "by which Horace means only that Pindar's num-"bers were unlimited, and not confined to any ſet "meaſure, in thoſe odes that were called Dithyram-"bic, which had the moſt heat and fury, being firſt "invented in honour of Bacchus: and methinks "Horace might ſometimes have attempted this di-"thyrambic meaſure, eſpecially in that ode, *Quo me*, "*Bacche*, *rapis*, *&c.*

"But to return to the ode which I have here en-"deavoured to imitate. I have taken a liberty in the "paraphraſe; the firſt ſtanza is added, and a ſimile or "two, but nothing more than what is agreeable to "his ſenſe, and what I thought would make him ap-"pear to the beſt advantage. Such as it is, Sir, I ſub-"mit it entirely to your judgment, ſince it was firſt "attempted for your pleaſure. It is upon an agree-"able ſubject, *viz.* Tranquillity, and if it fails giving "you any entertainment, I will readily acknowledge "it to be my own fault; for I know you to be maſter "of ſo much ſenſe, ſo good a taſte, and ſuch juſt no-"tions of human life, that I am ſure Horace muſt "pleaſe you, if he be not murdered in an ill tranſ-"lation. You may perceive, Sir, that as I cannot "think the time long which I ſpend in your compa-"ny, ſo neither can I think a letter long which I am "writing to you; but I may be tempted to treſpaſs

"upon you in one as well as the other; therefore I "will do as perfons fhould after a tedious vifit, ufe a "fhort ceremony, and withdraw.

I am, &c.

JOHN HUGHES."

In 1703 our Author's Ode on Mufic was performed at Stationers' Hall; and he afterwards wrote Six Cantatas, which were fet to mufic by Dr. Pepufch. They were wrote before introducing the Italian operas on the Englifh ftage, tho' not publifhed till afterwards, and feem intended to oppofe or exclude the Italian opera, an entertainment which has been always combated, yet has always prevailed. The fuccefs thefe met with encouraged Mr. Hughes to write feveral others in the fame manner.

Our Author's reputation was now fo far advanced, that the public began to pay reverence to his name; and he was folicited to prefix a Preface to the tranflation of Boccalini, a writer whofe fatirical vein coft him his life in Italy, but who never found many readers in this country, even though introduced by fuch powerful recommendation. In 1706 this tranflation was publifhed, which was revifed and corrected by Mr. Hughes, who alfo wrote the Preface.

The Tenth Book of Lucan was tranflated by Mr. Hughes long before Mr. Rowe undertook that au-

thor. I mention this only to ſhow that Mr. Hughes could have no intention to vie with Mr. Rowe, for whom he had a ſincere eſteem and affection. Mr. Rowe was afterwards prevailed upon to undertake the whole, which he performed with great ſucceſs: his ſupplement to the tenth book, in particular, is writ with all the fire of Lucan.

He tranſlated Fontenelle's Dialogues of the Dead, and his verſion was perhaps read at that time, but is now neglected. To the Dialogues of Fontenelle he added two compoſed by himſelf; and, though not only an honeſt but a pious man, dedicated his work to the Earl of Wharton. He judged ſkilfully enough of his own intereſt; for Wharton, when he went Lord Lieutenant to Ireland, offered to take Hughes with him, and eſtabliſh him: but Hughes, having hopes or promiſes from another man in power, of ſome proviſion more ſuited to his inclination, declined Wharton's offer.

In 1709 Mr. Hughes tranſlated The Miſer of Moliere, but never offered it to the ſtage. It has ſince been printed, with the other plays of that admirable author, tranſlated by Ozell, but no notice is taken by what hand it was tranſlated; and Mr. Hughes' judicious Preface is there omitted. He afterwards tranſlated Fontenelle's Diſcourſe concerning the Ancients and Moderns, which is printed with his Converſa-

tions with a Lady on the Plurality of Worlds, tranſlated by Mr. Glanville.

In 1711 Sir Richard Steele and Mr. Clayton had concerts of muſic in York Buildings, on which occaſion they ſent Mr. Hughes the following letter: "Dear Sir, Mr. Clayton and I deſire you, as ſoon as "you conveniently can, to alter this poem * for mu-"ſic, preſerving as many of Dryden's words and "verſes as you can. It is to be performed by a voice "well ſkilled in recitative: but you underſtand theſe "matters much better than your affectionate humble "ſervant, R. STEELE."

According to their requeſt Mr. Hughes made ſeveral alterations, which I believe will be eſteemed an improvement of that juſtly-admired ode: but I find, by a letter from him to Sir Richard Steele, that Mr. Clayton's compoſition did not ſatisfy the connoiſſeurs in muſic.

The Opera of Calypſo and Telemachus was performed at the King's Theatre in the Hay-market in the 1712. It was intended to ſhow that the Engliſh language might be very happily adapted to muſic. This alarmed the whole Italian band, who had intereſt enough with the Duke of Shrewſbury, then Lord Chamberlain, who had married an Italian, to procure an order to take off the ſubſcription for it, and to

* Alexander's Feaſt; or, The Power of Muſic. An Ode for St. Cecilia's Day.

open the House at the lowest prices, or not at all. This was designed to sink it, but failed in its end, the piece being performed, even though under so great discouragement. The same year he translated Vertot's History of the Revolutions of Portugal; and much about the same period assisted in the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian.

Mr Hughes' translation of the Letters of Abelard and Heloise was so well received by the public, that there have been five editions of it in the compass of a few years, though it has been but lately known by what hand it was performed. It is indeed not easy to determine which is most to be admired, the authors or the translator; the beautiful variety of the thoughts, or the purity and elegance of the language. There is in these Epistles something so moving and pathetic, so powerfully actuating the springs of pity and compassion, by all the tender strokes of passion and reason, of piety and remaining frailty, that whoever can see this lively struggle between grace and nature, inclination and duty, without being fired with the warmest emotions of affection and concern, must be deaf to the sufferings of virtue, an enemy to love, and a stranger to human nature.

The Ode to the Creator of the World was printed in the 1713, at the particular instance of Mr. Addison, and is mentioned with applause in the Spectator. This, and The Ecstasy, published since the death of the

Author, are juſtly eſteemed two of the nobleſt odes in our language.

Our Author's acquaintance with the great wits of his time appears to have been very general; but of his intimacy with Mr. Addiſon there is a remarkable proof. We have it on good authority that Cato was finiſhed and acted by his perſuaſion. It had long wanted the laſt act, which he was deſired by Addiſon to ſupply. If the requeſt was ſincere, it proceeded from an opinion, whatever it was, that did not laſt long; for when Mr. Hughes came, in a week, to ſhow him his firſt attempt, he found half the act written by Addiſon himſelf.

In 1715 Mr. Hughes publiſhed an edition of Spenſer, with his Life, a Gloſſary, and a Diſcourſe on Allegorical Poetry; a work for which he was well qualified, as a judge of the beauties of writing, but perhaps wanted an antiquary's knowledge of the obſolete words. The ſame year produced his Apollo and Daphne, the ſucceſs of which was very earneſtly promoted by Steele.

Mr. Hughes had hitherto ſuffered the mortifications of a narrow fortune; but in 1717 the Lord Chancellor Cowper, to whom Mr. Hughes was then but lately known, was pleaſed, without any previous ſolicitation on the part of our Author, to ſet him at eaſe, by appointing him Secretary to the Commiſſions of the Peace, in which he afterwards, by particular re-

bueſt, deſired his ſucceſſor, Lord Parker, to continue him. He had now affluence; but ſuch is human life, that he had it when his declining health could neither allow him long poſſeſſion nor quick enjoyment.

In 1718 appeared Charon, or, The Ferry-boat, a Viſion. This, and Mr. Walſh's Æſculapius, or, Hoſpital of Fools, are perhaps the two fineſt dialogues we have in Engliſh, as well as the moſt lively imitations of Lucian.

The Siege of Damaſcus was the laſt work of Mr. Hughes, and was acted in 1719 with great applauſe. This play, which ſtill continues on the ſtage, and of which it is unneceſſary to add a private voice to ſuch continuance of approbation, is not printed or acted according to the Author's original draught, or his ſettled intention. He had made Phocyas apoſtate from his religion, after which the abhorrence of Eudocia would have been reaſonable, his miſery would have been juſt, and the horrors of his repentance exemplary. The players, however, required that the guilt of Phocyas ſhould terminate in deſertion to the enemy; and Mr. Hughes, unwilling that his relations ſhould loſe the benefit of his work, complied with the alteration.

Mr. Hughes drew up the Dedication of this tragedy to Earl Cowper but ten days before he died. It is indeed ſurpriſing that he ſhould be able to form a piece ſo finely turned, and with ſo much ſpirit, at

fuch an hour, when he had death in view, and was too weak to tranfcribe it himfelf.

On the 17th of February 1719-20, Mr. Hughes died, the very night in which his Siege of Damafcus was firft reprefented. He lived to hear that it was well received, but paid no regard to the intelligence, being wholly employed in the meditations of a departing Chriftian. He was cut off by a confumption, after a painful life, at the age of forty-two.

Mr. Pope, in a letter to Mr. Hughes' brother, foon after our Author's death, has the following paffage. "I read over again your brother's play with more con-"cern and forrow than I ever felt in the reading any "tragedy. The real lofs of a good man may be called "a diftrefs to the world, and ought to affect us more "than any feigned or ancient diftrefs, how finely "drawn foever. I am glad of an occafion to give you "under my hand this teftimony, both how excellent "I think this work to be, and how excellent I thought "the author."

A man of Mr. Hughes' character was undoubtedly regreted, and Sir Richard Steele devoted an effay, in the paper called The Theatre, to the memory of his virtues. As this paper has not been collected into any volume, perhaps the reader will be pleafed to find it added here.—"I have paffed my laft hours with a "great deal of amufement, and have gone thro' all "the viciffitudes of agreeable and penfive reflection to

"which my imagination could turn itſelf. I am in-
"deed juſt now come from the maſquerade, but laſt
"night ſaw the Siege of Damaſcus, and had the mor-
"tification to hear this evening that Mr. Hughes,
"the author of that excellent tragedy, departed this
"life within few hours after his play was acted with
"univerſal applauſe. This melancholy circumſtance
"recalled into my thought a ſpeech in the tragedy
"which very much affected the whole audience, and
"was attended with the greateſt and moſt ſolemn in-
"ſtance of approbation, an awful ſilence. The in-
"cidents of the play plunge an heroic character into
"the laſt extremity, and he is admoniſhed by a tyrant
"commander to expect no mercy, but is left alone to
"conſider with himſelf whether he will comply with
"the terms he offers him, *viz.* changing the Chriſtian
"religion for the Mahometan idolatry*, or die. The

* The Mahometans are ſo far from being liable to the charge of idolatry, that the firſt and fundamental principle of their religion is the unity of God. No ſect whatever have a greater abhorrence of idolatry than the diſciples of Mahomet: this is evident from almoſt every page of the Alcoran. I beg leave to quote only one paſſage out of the ſecond chapter of it. "Your "God is one God; there is no god but he, the Moſt Merciful. "Now in the creation of heaven and earth, and the viciſſitude "of night and day, and in the ſhip which faileth in the ſea, "loaden with what is profitable for mankind, and in the wa-"ter which God ſendeth from heaven, quickening thereby "the dead earth, and repleniſhing the ſame with all ſorts of "cattle, and in the change of winds, and the clouds that are "compelled to do ſervice between heaven and earth, are ſigns

"words with which the Turkish general makes his "exit from his prisoner are,

"Farewell! and think of death.

"Upon which the captive breaks into the following "soliloquy.

"Farewell! and think of death.---Was it not so?
"Do murderers then preach morality?---
"But how to think of what the living know not,
"And the dead cannot, or else may not, tell.
"What art thou, O thou great mysterious Terror!
"The way to thee we know; diseases, famine,
"Sword, fire, and all thy ever-open gates,
"That day and night stand ready to receive us.
"But what's beyond them? who will draw that veil?
"Yet death's not there---No, 'tis a point of time,
"The verge 'twixt mortal and immortal being.
"It mocks our thought---On this side all is life;
"And when we'ave reach'd it, in that very instant
"'Tis past the thinking of---O if it be
"The pangs, the throes, the agonizing struggle,
"When soul and body part, sure I have felt it,
"And there's no more to fear.

"All men who have a taste of good arts will la-"ment the loss of this gentleman for his admirable "performance; and his acquaintance will not take it

"to people of understanding; yet some men take idols beside "God, and love them as with the love due to God." *Sale's Koran*, ch. ii. p. 19.

And yet most of our dramatic poets, who have writ on the Turkish or Persian story, have made their characters harangue like Polytheists, in the style of the Heathen mythology, as it would be easy to prove, by numberless instances, if this were a proper place for it. I do not indeed remember any English play, beside The Siege of Damascus, where the religious opinions of the Mahometans are faithfully represented throughout the whole piece.

"ill that something is here said of him by one who "knew him very intimately, and had a great respect "for his merit and virtue.

"I cannot, in the first place, but felicitate a death "on the same evening in which he had received and "merited the applause of his country for a great and "good action: his work is full of such sentiments as "only can give comfort in the last hour; and I am "told he shewed a pleasure in hearing the labours "which he so honestly and virtuously intended had "met with a suitable success*: and happy was the "man who, while he felt himself in the lowest de-"gree of human condition, could, at the same time, "give himself the satisfaction that he was inspiring "great and good thoughts in a whole people! He lay, "like his own hero, with the arrow in his side, but "would not pull it, and let out life, till he had per-"formed his course of virtue. His whole life, indeed, "was the state of his dying hero: he had, in a great "measure, the dart of mortality ever festering in the "body, from birth, the entrance into pain, to death, "the exit from it. Mr. Hughes could hardly ever be "said to have enjoyed health, but was, in the very "best of his days, a valetudinarian. If those who are

* The writer was misinformed in this particular, for Mr. Hughes had then laid aside all thoughts of his play, and composed himself to meet death with the resolution and dignity becoming a Christian philosopher.

" ſparing of giving praiſe to any virtue, without ex-
" tenuation of it, ſhould ſay that his youth was cha-
" ſtiſed into the ſeverity, and preſerved in the inno-
" cence for which he was conſpicuous from the in-
" firmity of his conſtitution, they will be under new
" difficulty, when they hear that he had none of thoſe
" faults to which ill ſtate of health ordinarily ſubjects
" the reſt of mankind. His incapacity for more frolic
" diverſions never made him peeviſh or ſour to thoſe
" whom he ſaw in them; but his humanity was ſuch,
" that he could partake and ſhare thoſe pleaſures he
" beheld others enjoy without repining that he him-
" ſelf could not join in them: no; he made a true uſe
" of an ill conſtitution, and formed his mind to the
" living under it with as much ſatisfaction as it could
" admit of. His intervals of eaſe were employed in
" drawing, deſigning, or elſe in muſic or poetry; for
" he had not only a taſte but an ability of perform-
" ance, to a great excellence, in thoſe arts which en-
" tertain the mind within the rules of the ſevereſt
" morality and the ſtricteſt dictates of religion. He
" did not ſeem to wiſh for more than he poſſeſſed,
" even as to health *, but to contemn ſenſuality as a
" ſober man does drunkenneſs. He was ſo far from
" envying, that he pitied the jollities that were en-
" joyed by a more happy conſtitution. He could con-

* This ſounds very pretty in ſpeculation, but is too refined for practice. Mr. Hughes never pretended to be a Stoic.

" verse with the most sprightly without peevishness;
" and sickness itself had no other effect upon him than
" to make him look upon all violent pleasures as evils
" he had escaped without the trouble of avoiding."

" Dr. Sprat finishes his account of the life and wri-
" tings of Mr. Cowley with this remarkable para-
" graph.

'Perhaps,' says he, 'it may be judged that I have
' spent too many words on a private man and a scho-
' lar, whose life was not remarkable for such a variety
' of events as are wont to be the ornaments of this
' kind of relations. I know it is the custom of the
' world to prefer the pompous histories of great men
' before the greatest virtues of others, whose lives
' have been led in a course less illustrious: this, in-
' deed, is the general humour, but I believe it to be
' an error in men's judgments; for certainly that is a
' more profitable instruction which may be taken
' from the eminent goodness of men of lower rank,
' than that which we learn from the splendid repre-
' sentation of the battles, and victories, and buildings,
' and sayings, of great commanders and princes. Such
' specious matters, as they are seldom delivered with
' fidelity, so they serve but for the imitation of a very
' few, and rather make for the ostentation than the
' true information of human life; whereas it is from
' the practice of men equal to ourselves that we are

'more naturally taught how to command our paſ-
'ſions, to direct our knowledge, and to govern our
'actions.'

"I am very glad of ſo great an authority for the
"ſupport of an opinion which I have always had ſince
"I could think at all, and received from the great
"writers of antiquity, That we are to undreſs men,
"and throw off the mantle and train with which For-
"tune has clothed them, before we can propoſe them
"as patterns to ourſelves, or truly know their private
"character; but without that labour and inquiry,
"thoſe who approach our condition are immediate
"objects of our approbation or diſlike, and teach us,
"in a more lively manner, what to avoid or purſue:
"it is therefore, methinks, an injury to the great me-
"rit of private men, that writers who ſeldom riſe
"above that degree (at leaſt in their fortunes) ſhould
"proſtitute their talents in adorning thoſe only a-
"mong the virtuous who are poſſeſſors of wealth and
"power.

"The gentleman to whoſe memory I devote this
"Paper may be the emulation of more perſons of
"different talents than any one I have ever known.
"His head, hand, or heart, was always employed in
"ſomething worthy imitation: his pencil, his bow*
"(ſtring) or his pen, each of which he uſed in a ma-

* The writer means the bow of a violin.

" ſterly manner, were always directed to raiſe and en-
" tertain his own mind, or that of others, to a more
" cheerful proſecution of what was noble and virtu-
" ous. Peace be with thy remains, thou amiable Spi-
" rit! But I talk in the language of our weakneſs;
" that is flown to the regions of day and immortality,
" and relieved from the akeing engine and painful in-
" ſtrument of anguiſh and ſorrow in which, for a long
" and tedious few years, he panted with a lively hope
" for his preſent condition. We ſhall conſign the
" trunk in which he was ſo long impriſoned to com-
" mon earth, with all that is due to the merit of its
" late inhabitant.

" With this humane duty and willing exerciſe of
" affliction I blot out the various images of antic dreſ-
" ſes, gilded ſcenes, and giddy crowds, from which
" I am juſt returned, and which were hardly ſufficient
" to divert an oppreſſed ſpirit from its private cares:
" but they ought to vaniſh at the reflection upon a
" ſeries of greater weight of ſorrow that conſtantly
" loaded the example of cheerful patience whom I
" have here endeavoured to celebrate."

OF STYLE.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A FRIEND,

In the year 1698.

WHEN, by the help of ſtudy, a ſufficient ſtock of ſolid learning is acquired, the next buſineſs is to conſider how to make uſe of it to the beſt advantage. There is nothing more neceſſary to this than good ſenſe and polite learning; for as a man may have the firſt without the latter, ſo it is poſſible one may have the latter, and yet be rather the worſe than the better for it, at leaſt to others, if not to himſelf. A plain unlettered man is always more agreeable company than a fool in ſeveral languages: for a pedant, tho' he may take himſelf for a philoſopher, is far more prejudiced than an illiterate man; and ſufficiency (the chief part of his character) beſides the ill-manners of it, is really (as Sir William Temple obſerves) the worſt compoſition out of the pride and ignorance of mankind. Beſides, affectation, its uſual attendant, is every body's averſion, from the natural hatred we have to all manner of impoſture.

So that if there was nothing elſe to recommend polite learning, yet methinks this were enough, that it files off the ruſt of the academy, and is the ſame to the mind as dancing to the body, a means of giving it a free air and genteel motion. In a word, it adds the gentleman to the ſcholar, and when theſe two meet they challenge all men's reſpect and love.

Hiſtory and poetry are the two chief branches of thoſe ſtudies that are diſtinguiſhed by the name of Polite. But becauſe, Sir, your inquiry ſeems more particularly concerning language, I ſhall confine my diſcourſe to the Style of Proſe, as being that which is the moſt neceſſary; for poetry, tho' it want not arguments to recommend it, yet it may be diſpenſed with, and is either to be taken or let alone at pleaſure.

All the qualifications of a good Style, I think, may be reduced under theſe four heads, propriety, perſpicuity, elegance, and cadence; and each of theſe, except the laſt, has ſome relation to the thoughts as well as to the words.

Propriety of thoughts is two-fold; the firſt is when the thoughts are proper in themſelves, and ſo it is oppoſed to nonſenſe; and the other when they are proper to the occaſion, and ſo it is oppoſed to impertinence.

Propriety of words, the firſt qualification of a good Style, is when the words do juſtly and exactly repreſent or ſignify the thoughts which they ſtand for. The knowledge of this is not to be ſought for in etymologies; for general acceptation, which is the only ſtandard of ſpeech, has given many words a quite different ſenſe from their original. Your beſt direction then will be a diligent and careful peruſal of the moſt correct writers of the language in their various kinds, with the converſation of people of faſhion, that ſpeak well, and without affectation. The moſt correct writers that I know are Sir William Temple, Dr. Sprat, and

Dr. Tillotfon, for profe, and Mr. Waller for verfe. I mention the laft, becaufe propriety both of thoughts and words is his chief excellency, in which he has fcarce any equal. I have heard that Archbifhop Tillotfon took the pains to ftudy all the fynonymous words of the language, with the nice differences of them, which are commonly very little obferved, yet contribute very much to the propriety of expreffion. There is another particular which I fhall mention here, becaufe I think it differs but little from propriety, and that is purity, which I take more particularly to refpect the language as it is now fpoke or written. The rule of this is modern ufe, according to that of Horace,

> Multa renafcentur quæ jam cecidere, cadentque
> Quæ nunc funt in honore vocabula, fi volet ufus,
> Quem penes arbitrium eft, et jus et norma loquendi.

By this rule all obfolete words are to be avoided. But to a man of long practice and reputation in the language, the privilege may be allowed fometimes of reviving old, or bringing in new, words, where the common ones are deficient. For this reafon we dare not cenfure fo great a man as Milton for his antiquated words, which he took from Spenfer. A good inftance, in my opinion, of a new word is the verb *falfify*, which Mr. Dryden borrows from the Italian, to fignify not to be of proof.

> ——— his fhield
> Is *falfify'd*, and round with jav'lins fill'd.

But this liberty, though indulged to the force and majesty of verse, if it were made use of in prose, which is the Style of business, would be affectation, and is therefore, as was said before, carefully to be avoided.

Little need be said of the second qualification, *viz.* Perspicuity. If your thoughts be not clear, it is impossible your words should, and consequently you cannot be understood. The chief secret here is to express yourself in such a manner as to transfer your ideas into the reader's mind, and to set the thing before him in the very same light in which it appears to yourself. Here an extreme is to be shunned, lest while you aim to make your meaning fully understood you become verbose; so that the art lies in expressing your thought clearly in as few words as possible. Practice is the best way to attain this; and it may be useful to write some essay, and lay it by till you have forgot it, and then look it over as the work of a stranger. By this means you may discover a great many faults which escaped you in the heat of writing, and be able to correct them.

Elegance of thought is what we commonly call Wit, which adds to propriety beauty, and pleases our fancy, while propriety entertains our judgment. This depends so much on genius, that it is impossible to teach it by rules. To the elegance of words, or Style, belong all the figures of rhetoric; and to use these to advantage requires a judgment well formed by observation. In this, therefore, as in learning the graces upon an instrument of music, good examples are

the beſt inſtruction. Thus a man may write metaphors, tropes, hyperboles, and all the other figures, without the trouble of ſtudying a ſyſtem of rhetoric, and I believe better too; for to attend to a great many rules whilſt you are writing is the way to make your Style ſtiff and conſtrained, whereas elegance conſiſts very much in a genteel eaſe and freedom of expreſſion; it is like a coy miſtreſs, of ſo nice a humour, that to court her too much is the ſureſt way to loſe her; and as ſucceſs in love is owing to good fortune, and the natural happineſs of pleaſing, rather than to fidelity and attendance, ſo the art of chuſing out of ſeveral expreſſions equally proper, that which is the moſt graceful, is beſt called a *curioſa felicitas*, which two words ſeem to comprehend all that can be ſaid upon this head.

The laſt qualification I mentioned is Cadence, in poetry called the Numbers. It conſiſts in a diſpoſing of the words in ſuch order, and with ſuch variation of periods, as may ſtrike the ear with a ſort of muſical delight, which is a conſiderable part of eloquence. This is chiefly that which makes a Style ſmooth, and not merely the avoiding of harſh words. The beſt way to attain it is to prepare yourſelf, before you begin to write, by reading in ſome harmonious Style, that ſo you may get your ear well in tune.

Beſides all theſe qualifications, there is ſomething in language which, to borrow a word from ſinging, may be called a Manner. This, like the air of faces,

is a mark of distinction, by which every one has somewhat peculiar to itself from all others: for, besides the manifest difference between beauty and deformity, there is a wonderful variety even among good faces, for which reason the painters have learned; from many scattered beauties to collect one perfect idea, which is hard to be found in any individual.

To apply this; Sir William Temple, Sir Roger L'Estrange, and Dr. Sprat, (to mention no more) are each of them allowed masters in the tongue, and yet every one has a different manner, as may be seen by a short character of each.

The Style of Sir William Temple is very harmonious and sweet, full of spirit, and raciness of wit, to use a word of his own. His similies are particularly fine, his allusions graceful, his words significant, and the whole has a kind of charm which amuses the reader with serious pleasure, puts him in a good humour while he is reading, and leaves him thoughtful when he breaks off.

L'Estrange's talent is humour, in which his vein flows very freely; agreeably to this he is a perfect master of all the idioms and proverbial expressions which are peculiar to our tongue; these he often applies happily enough, tho' sometimes not without affectation; yet, generally speaking, his Style is pleasant, smooth, and natural; and that gaiety and seeming negligence which is peculiar to him, entertains you with a familiar sort of delight, like that of witty and face-

tious company. There is the ſame difference in the Styles of theſe two as in thoſe of Cicero and Terence in the Latin; in the firſt you find more of the orator, and in the latter more of the Engliſhman.

The elegant Dr. Sprat is, in my judgment, one of the moſt genteel and exact writers we have. His Style is grave and manly, infinitely preferable to Sir Roger's, and having all that is beautiful in Sir William Temple, only (if it is poſſible) with more correctneſs and decency. There appears in him all the ſweetneſs and fluency, handſome turns and apt expreſſions, that can be deſired. He has united the moſt charming elegance to the ſtricteſt propriety, and is witty without the leaſt ſhadow of affectation. The ſoft cadence of his periods, methinks, reſembles the current of a pleaſant ſtream; it makes but little noiſe, yet affects you with a calm delight, which, if it were heard louder, would be loſt.

There are ſeveral other writers which may be read with great profit; and above all the incomparable Tillotſon, who always writes the beſt ſenſe, and in the beſt manner. That which particularly recommends him is an eaſineſs and beautiful ſimplicity in all his expreſſions, which every one that reads him is apt to think may be imitated without much difficulty, and yet nothing perhaps is ſo hard in the experiment.

--------------ut ſibi quivis
Speret idem, ſudet multum, fruſtraque laboret. HOR.

This brings to my mind what Monſieur le Clerc ſays,

that it is much easier to imitate the loftiest flights in Seneca's tragedies, or Lucan, than the simplicity of Terence.

After you have observed the different manner of Style amongst the best writers, and collected a general idea from them all, you are to consider next the different manner to be used by the same writer, according to the subject he treats of. The severity of philosophy requires a grave didactic Style, agreeable to the plainness and simplicity of truth and reason. Morality and divinity are capable of all the ornaments of wit and fancy. History is content with a plainer dress, as being a relation of matters of fact, the reflections upon which are to be short and pertinent, and the rest left to the various humour and judgment of every reader.

But of all sorts of writing there is none has that variety and liberty as letters and essays; the former, especially, include all subjects whatsoever, and are varied not only according to the subject, but also according to the person to whom you write, so that it would be an endless labour to give rules about them. Yet this being a way of writing in which every one is necessarily exercised more or less, it deserves a particular regard; nor will it be a difficult thing, at the expense of a little thought and observation, to furnish yourself with rules sufficient to all the variety of occasions that may occur.

ON DESCRIPTIONS IN POETRY.

THERE are no parts in a poem which ſtrike the generality of readers with ſo much pleaſure as Deſcriptions; and there are none in which poets of an ordinary rank are more frequently betrayed into faults. A judicious Deſcription is like a face whic his beautiful without art; an injudicious one is like a painted complexion, which often diſcovers itſelf, by affecting more gaiety of colour than is natural.

The reaſon why Deſcriptions make livelier impreſſions on common readers than any other parts of a poem is, becauſe they are formed of ideas drawn from the ſenſes, which is ſometimes, too, called Imaging; and are thus, in a manner, like pictures, made objects of the ſight; whereas moral thoughts and diſcourſes, conſiſting of ideas abſtracted from ſenſe, operate ſlower, and with leſs vivacity. Every one immediately perceives the reſemblance of nature in the Deſcription of a tempeſt, a palace, or a garden; but the beauty of proper ſentiments in the ſpeeches of a prince, a general, or a counſellor, is more remote, and diſcerned by a kind of ſecond thought or reflection.

As Deſcriptions are all drawn from objects of the ſenſes, and the likeneſs or unlikeneſs of them are eaſily perceived, ſo there is a general ſimilitude in all true Deſcriptions of the ſame object drawn by ſeveral hands, like that in a picture of the ſame perſon done

by ſeveral artiſts; and yet the degrees of likeneſs, and the different manner of expreſſing it by thoſe ſeveral artiſts, make a very diſtinguiſhable and entertaining variety. The famous Deſcription of a horſe in the ſixth book of Homer's Iliads, that in the Fragments of Ennius, and that in the eleventh book of the Æneis, are indeed the ſame, the two latter being only copies of the firſt; but the Deſcription of the horſe in Homer, and that in the book of Job, are very different, yet both are extremely natural and beautiful.

There is no particular Deſcription which the writers of heroic poetry ſeem to have laboured to vary ſo much as that of the Morning. This is a topic on which they have drawn out all the copiouſneſs, and even the luxury, of their fancies. The chaſteſt and moſt correct writers ſeem to indulge themſelves, on this occaſion, in a greater ſport of imagination, and I had almoſt ſaid extravagance, than on any other ſubject whatever, as if it were a trial of ſkill among them who ſhould paint the morning the moſt beautifully. I once amuſed myſelf with drawing together, out of ſeveral of the beſt poets, a variety of theſe Deſcriptions, which methought appeared like ſo many fine ſkies differently coloured, and interſperſed with clouds, by the beſt maſters in landſcape; and I imagine it will not be an unacceptable entertainment to the reader if I here preſent him with ſome few out of this collection of Morning Pieces.

The Morning is moſt frequently figured as a goddeſs, or divine perſon, flying in the air, unbarring the gates of light, and opening the day. She is drawn by Homer in a ſaffron garment, and, with roſy hands, (which is the epithet he almoſt conſtantly beſtows on her) ſprinkling light thro' the earth. She ariſes out of the waves of the ſea, leaves the bed of Tithon her lover, aſcends the heavens, appears to gods and to men, and gives notice of the ſun-riſing. She is placed by this father of the poets ſometimes on a throne of gold, now in a chariot drawn by ſwift horſes, and bearing along with her the Day; and at other times ſhe is uſhered in by the ſtar which is her harbinger, and which gives the ſignal of the Morning's approach.

On this, as a ground, the poets following Homer have run their diviſions of fancy: this will appear by the following inſtances out of Virgil, which I ſhall preſent to the reader in Mr. Dryden's tranſlation.

Aurora now had left her ſaffron bed,
And beams of early light the heav'ns o'erſpread.

The Morn began from Ida to diſplay
Her roſy cheeks, and Phoſphor led the day.

And now the roſy Morn began to riſe,
And wav'd her ſaffron ſtreamer thro' the ſkies.

Now roſe the ruddy Morn from Tithon's bed,
And with the dawn of day the ſkies o'erſpread;
Nor long the ſun his daily courſe with-held,
But added colours to the world reveal'd.

The Morn enſuing from the mountain's height
Had ſcarcely ſpread the ſkies with roſy light;
Th' ethereal courſers, bounding from the ſea,
From out their flaming noſtrils breath'd the day.

I ſhall now ſhew how the ſame images have been copied or diverſified by the Moderns. The following Deſcription is Taſſo's, as it is very cloſely traced in the old tranſlation of Mr. Fairfax:

The purple Morning left her crimſon bed,
And donn'd her robes of pure vermilion hue;
Her amber locks ſhe crown'd with roſes red,
In Eden's flow'ry gardens gather'd new.

And our own Spenſer, who excels in all kinds of imagery, following the ſame originals, repreſents the Morning after the like manner.

Now when the roſy-finger'd Morning fair,
Weary of aged Tithon's ſaffron bed,
Had ſpread her purple robes thro' dewy air,
And the high hills Titan diſcovered,
The royal virgin ſhook off drowſy-head,
And riſing forth out of her baſer bow'r
Look'd for her knight——

——The day forth-dawning from the eaſt
Night's humid curtains from the heav'ns withdrew,
And early calling forth both man and beaſt,
Commanded them their daily works renew.

But of all Deſcriptions of the Morning as a perſon, it is impoſſible to find a more beautiful one than that of Shakeſpeare.

Look where the Morn, in ruſſet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon' high eaſtern hill.

The ſame author has in another place embelliſhed his ſubject thus:

——Look what ſtreaks
Do lace the ſev'ring clouds in yonder eaſt.
Night's tapers are burnt out, and jocund Day
Stands tiptoe on the miſty mountain tops.

The two following Deſcriptions, likewiſe by the ſame hand, are very poetical.

The glow-worm shews the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire.

The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle Day
Before the wheels of Phœbus round about
Dapples the drowsy East with spots of gray.

In Milton's Paradise Lost the Descriptions of the Morning are drawn with exquisite beauty, yet some of them retain (tho' in a Christian poem) a mixture of the same mythology.

Now Morn, her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl.

———— The Morn,
Wak'd by the circling Hours, with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light.————

———— And now went forth the Morn,
Such as in highest heav'n, array'd in gold
Empyreal, from before her vanish'd Night,
Shot thro' with orient beams————

————Mean-while,
To resalute the world with sacred light
Leucothoe wak'd, and with fresh dews embalm'd
The earth————

————Now sacred light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid flow'rs, that breath'd
Their morning incense, when all things that breathe
From th' earth's high altar send up silent praise
To the Creator, and his nostrils fill
With grateful smell————

In some of these poetical pictures which I have here set before the reader, the heavens only are shewn, and the first springing of light there; in others the earth is taken into the prospect, with her flowers wet with dew and her rising vapours; and sometimes the occupations of living creatures, proper to the season, are represented, and afford a yet greater diversity of amusing images. Such is that admirable Description in Otway's Orphan.

Wish'd Morning's come, and now upon the plains
And distant mountains where they feed their flocks
The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born Day.
The lusty swain comes with his well-fill'd scrip
Of healthful viands, which, when hunger calls,
With much content and appetite he eats,
To follow in the field his daily toil,
And dress the grateful glebe that yields him fruits.
The beasts that under the warm hedges slept,
And weather'd out the cold bleak night, are up,
And, looking t'wards the neighb'ring pastures, raise
Their voice, and bid their fellow brutes good-morrow.
The cheerful birds too on the tops of trees
Assemble all in choirs, and with their notes
Salute, and welcome up the rising sun.

I shall conclude with a remark, which I believe will be allowed by all impartial critics, that whoever will take the pains to look into the several Descriptions of this kind, which may be found in the works of ancient and modern writers, will find that the English poets have described the Morning with at least as much elegance of fancy as any others have done, and with more variety.

TO MR. JOHN HUGHES,

ON HIS POEM, ENTITLED,

THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE.

INSPIR'D by what melodious Hughes has ſung,
I'll tune a lyre that long has lain unſtrung:
Awak'd from drowſy ſloth and ſoothing reſt,
Poetic tranſports fire my raviſh'd breaſt.
 What pleaſure muſt retiring Dryden find,
To ſee that art his ſkilful Muſe refin'd
So much improv'd by thoſe he leaves behind!
So when a father ſees a careful ſon
Enlarge thoſe coffers which were firſt his own,
With joy to heav'n he lifts his aged eyes,
Bleſſes his proſp'rous heir, and calmly dies.
 May all your fortune like your numbers ſhine,
And ſmoothly flow, without one rugged line,
Till we confeſs the genius is the ſame
That guides your fortune and poetic flame.
 So when of old ſome ſportive am'rous god
Vouchſaf'd a while to leave his bleſs'd abode,
In whatſoever form the gueſt appear'd,
His heav'nly luſtre ſhone, and was rever'd.

Catharine-Hall, Cambridge,
February 1697.

W. WORTS.

TO

THE MEMORY OF MR. HUGHES.

BY MISS JUDITH COWPER *, 1720.

ROUND Hughes's humble tho' diſtinguiſh'd urn
The Muſes, wreath'd with baleful cypreſs, mourn;
In ev'ry face a deep diſtreſs appears,
Each eye o'erflows with tributary tears.
Such was the ſcene when, by the gods requir'd,
Majeſtic Homer from the world retir'd:
Such grief the Nine o'er Maro's tomb beſtow'd,
And tears like theſe for Addiſon late flow'd.
Snatch'd from the earth, above its trifling praiſe,
Thee, Hughes! to happier climes thy fate conveys:
Eas'd of its load, thy gentle ſpirit roves
Thro' realms refulgent, and celeſtial groves:
The toils of life, the pangs of death, are o'er,
And care, and pain, and ſickneſs, are no more.
O may the ſpot that holds thy bleſs'd remains
(The nobleſt ſpoil earth's ſpacious breaſt contains!)
Its tribute pay; may richeſt flow'rs around
Spring lightly forth, and mark the ſacred ground;

* Daughter of Judge Cowper, afterwards married to Col. Martin Madan, author of The Progreſs of Poetry, &c. and ſtill living, an ornament to her ſex and age. Another of her compoſitions is prefixed to the poems of Mr. Pope.

There may thy bays its ſhady honours ſpread,
And o'er thy urn eternal odours ſhed;
Immortal as thy fame and verſe ſtill grow,
'Till thoſe ſhall ceaſe to live and Thames to flow!
  Nature ſubdu'd foretold the great decline,
And ev'ry heart was plung'd in grief but thine;
Thy ſoul, ſerene, the conflict did maintain,
And trac'd the phantom Death in years of pain;
Not years of pain thy ſteady mind alarm'd,
By judgment ſtrengthen'd, and with virtue arm'd:
Still like thyſelf, when ſinking life ebb'd low,
Nor raſhly dar'd, nor meanly fear'd, the blow:
Looſe to the world, of ev'ry grace poſſeſt,
Greatly reſign'd, thou ſought'ſt the ſtranger Reſt.
Firm as his fate, ſo thy own Phocyas dy'd,
While the barb'd arrow trembled in his ſide.
Drawn by thy pen, the theory we ſee,
The practic part, too ſoon! beheld in thee.
  Who now ſhall ſtrike the lyre with ſkill divine,
Who to harmonious ſounds * harmonious numbers join?
Who the rapacious tide of vice control,
And while they charm the ſenſe reform the ſoul?
In whom the lovely ſiſter-arts unite,
With virtue, ſolid ſenſe, and boundleſs wit?
Such was the turn of thy exalted mind,
Sparkling as poliſh'd gems, as pureſt gold refin'd.

* Opera of Calypſo and Telemachus.

Great ruler of our paſſions! who with art
Subdu'd the fierce and warm'd the frozen heart,
Bid glory in our breaſts with temper beat,
And valour, ſeparate from feveriſh heat,
Love in its true, its genuine, luſtre riſe,
And in Eudocia bid it charm our eyes.
Virtue diſtreſs'd thy happy lines diſcloſe,
With more of triumph than a conqu'ror knows;
Touch'd by thy hand, our ſtubborn tempers bend,
And flowing tears the well-wrought ſcene attend,
That ſilent eloquence thy pow'r approv'd,
The cauſe ſo great 't was gen'rous to be mov'd.
What pleaſure can the burſting heart poſſeſs
In the laſt parting and ſevere diſtreſs?
Can fame, wealth, honour, titles, joy beſtow,
And make the lab'ring breaſt with tranſport glow?
Theſe gaudy trifles gild our morning bright,
But, O! how weak their influence on our night!
Then fame, wealth, honour, titles, vainly bloom,
Nor dart one beam of comfort on the gloom;
But if the ſtruggling ſoul a joy receives,
'Tis in the juſt applauſe that conſcious virtue gives:
This blameleſs pride the dying Hughes poſſeſt,
Soften'd his pain, ſat lightly on his breaſt,
And ſooth'd his unoffending ſoul to reſt.
Free from the bigot's fears or Stoic's pride,
Calm as our Chriſtian Hero liv'd he dy'd.
As on the utmoſt verge of life he ſtood,
Ready to plunge, and ſeize th' immortal good,

Collecting all his rays diffuſ'd in one,
His laſt great work * with heighten'd luſtre ſhone;
There his juſt ſentiments, transferr'd, we view'd,
But while our eyes the ſhining path purſu'd,
And ſteep aſcent his ſteady judgment gain'd,
The ſhining path, alas! alone remain'd.—
  So when the ſun to worlds unknown retires,
How ſtrong, how boldly, ſhoot his parting fires!
Larger his ſetting orb our eyes confeſs,
Eager we gaze, and the full glory bleſs;
As o'er the heav'n's, ſublime, his courſe extends,
With equal ſtate the radiant globe deſcends,
Sinks in a cloud of gold and azure bright,
And leaves behind gay tracts of beamy light.

FEBRUARY 1719-20.

If for ourſelves the tears profuſely flow,
Too juſtly we indulge the tender woe,
Since thou in virtue's robes waſt richly dreſs'd,
And of fine arts abundantly poſſeſs'd:
But if we rather ſhould congratulate
A friend's enlargement and exalted ſtate,
Reſign'd to Providence, what can we leſs
Than cheerful hail thy long'd-for happineſs?
Who now, releas'd from ev'ry piercing pain,
Doſt in the realms of light triumphant reign.

W. DUNCOMBE.

* Siege of Damaſcus.

TO

THE MEMORY OF MR. HUGHES.

MARCH 28. 1720.

O LOST too early! and too lately known!
My love's intended marks receive in one.
Where, new to ease, and recent from thy pains,
With ampler joy thou tread'st the blissful plains;
If there regardful of the ways of men,
Thou seest with pity what thou once hast been,
O gentle Shade! accept this humble verse,
Amidst the meaner honours of thy hearse.
How does thy Phocyas warm Britannia's youth,
In arms to glory, and in love to truth!
Oh! if the Muse of future aught presage,
These seeds shall ripen in the coming age;
Then youths, renown'd for many a field well fought,
Shall own the glorious lessons thou hast taught;
Honour's strict laws shall reign in ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry Phocyas his Eudocia find.
O! yet be this the lowest of thy fame,
To form the hero and instruct the dame;
I see the Christian, friend, relation, son,
Burn for the glorious course that thou hast run.
If aught we owe thy pencil or thy lyre,
Of manly strokes or of superior fire,

How muſt thy Muſe be ever own'd divine,
And in the ſacred liſt unrivall'd ſhine!
Nor joyous health was thine nor downy eaſe;
To thee forbidden was the ſoft receſs:
Worn with diſeaſe and never-ceaſing pain,
How firmly did thy ſoul her ſeat maintain!
Early thy ſide the mortal ſhaft receiv'd,
All but the wounded hero ſaw and griev'd.
No ſenſe of ſmart, no anguiſh, could control,
Or turn the gen'rous purpoſe of his ſoul.
Witneſs, ye nobler arts! by Heav'n deſign'd
To charm the ſenſes and improve the mind,
How thro' your mazes, with inceſſant toil,
He urg'd his way to reap th' immortal ſpoil!
So fabled Orpheus tun'd his potent ſong,
Death's circling ſhades and Stygian glooms among.
Of thy great labours this, the laſt * and chief,
At once demands our wonder and our grief.
Thy ſoul, in clouded majeſty, till now,
Its finiſh'd beauties did but partly ſhow;
Wond'ring we ſaw diſclos'd the ample ſtore,
Griev'd in that inſtant to expect no more.
So in the ev'ning of ſome doubtful day,
And clouds divided with a mingled ray,
Haply the golden ſun unveils his light,
And his whole glories ſpreads at once to ſight;

* The Siege of Damaſcus.

Th' enliven'd world look up with gladſome cheer,
Bleſs the gay ſcene, nor heed the night ſo near;
Sudden the lucent orb drops ſwiftly down
Thro' weſtern ſkies, to ſhine in worlds unknown.

WM. COWPER.

MARCH 30. 1720.

FROM thy long languiſhing and painful ſtrife
Of breath with labour drawn, and waſting life,
Accompliſh'd Spirit! thou at length art free,
Borne into bliſs and immortality.
Thy ſtruggles are no more; the palm is won;
Thy brows encircled with the victor's crown;
While lonely left, and deſolate below,
Full grief I feel, and all a brother's woe!
Yet would I linger on a little ſpace,
Before I cloſe my quick-expiring race,
Till I have gather'd up, with grateful pains,
Thy Works, thy dear unperiſhing remains,
An undecaying monument to ſtand,
Rais'd to thy name by thy own ſkilful hand:
Then let me wing from earth my willing way,
To meet thy ſoul in blaze of living day;
Rapt to the ſkies, like thee, with joyful flight,
An inmate of the heav'ns, adopted into light!

JABEZ HUGHES.

Ob. 17 Jan. 1731.
Anno æt. 46.

IMMORTAL Bard! tho' from the world retir'd,
Still known to fame, ſtill honour'd and admir'd!
While, fill'd with joy, in happier realms you ſtray,
And dwell in manſions of eternal day;
While you, conſpicuous thro' the heav'nly choir,
With ſwelling rapture tune the choſen lyre,
Where echoing angels the glad notes prolong,
Or with attentive ſilence crown your ſong,
Forgive the Muſe that in unequal lays
Offers this humble tribute of her praiſe.
Loſt in thy Works, how oft' I paſs the day,
While the ſwift hours ſteal unperceiv'd away!
There, in ſweet union, wit and virtue charm,
And nobleſt ſentiments the boſom warm:
The brave, the wiſe, the virtuous, and the fair,
May view themſelves in fadeleſs colours there.
Thro' ev'ry poliſh'd piece correctneſs flows,
Yet each bright page with ſprightly fancy glows.
Oh! happy elegance! where thus are join'd
A ſolid judgment and a wit refin'd.
Here injur'd Phocyas and Eudocia claim
A laſting pity and a laſting fame:
Thy heroine's ſofter virtues charm the ſight,
And fill our ſouls with raviſhing delight.
Exalted love and dauntleſs courage meet,
To make thy hero's character complete.
This finiſh'd piece the nobleſt pens commend,
And ev'n the critics are the poet's friend!

Led on by thee, thoſe flow'ry paths * I view,
For ever lovely and for ever new,
Where all the Graces, with join'd force, engage
To ſtem th' impetuous follies of the age:
Virtue, there deck'd in ever-blooming charms,
With ſuch reſiſtleſs rays of beauty warms,
That Vice, abaſh'd, confounded, ſkulks away,
As Night retires at dawn of roſy Day.
Struck with his guilt, the hardy Atheiſt dreads
Approaching fate, and trembles as he reads:
Vanquiſh'd by reaſon, yet aſham'd to fly,
He dares not own a God, nor yet deny:
Convinc'd, tho' late, forgiveneſs he implores,
Shrinks from the jaws of hell, and Heav'n adores.
Hither the wild, the frolic, and the gay,
As thoughtleſs thro' their wanton rounds they ſtray,
Compell'd by fame, repair with curious eye,
And their own various forms with wonder ſpy.
The cenſor ſo polite, ſo kindly true,
They ſee their faults, and ſicken at the view.
Hence trifling Damon ceaſes to be vain,
And Cloe ſcorns to give her lover pain:
Strephon is true, who ne'er was true before,
And Cælia bids him love, but not adore.
Tho' Addiſon and Steele the honour claim
Here to ſtand foremoſt on the liſt of fame,

* Alluding to the Spectators written by Mr. Hughes.

Yet ſtill the traces of thy hand we ſee;
Some of the brighteſt thoughts are due to thee.
While then for thoſe illuſtrious bards we mourn,
The Muſe ſhall viſit thy diſtinguiſh'd urn,
With copious tears bedew the ſacred ground,
And plant the never-fading bay around.
  Here thro' the gloom, aſpiring Bards! explore
Theſe awful relics, and be vain no more.
Learning, and Wit, and Fame itſelf, muſt die;
Virtue alone can tow'ring reach the ſky.
This crown'd his life: admire not, heav'n in view,
He to the glorious prize with tranſport flew.
A fate ſo bleſs'd ſhould check our ſtreaming woe:
He reigns above, his Works ſurvive below.

J. BUNCE, *late of Trinity-Hall, Cambridge.*

IN MEMORIAM VIRI CLARISSIMI

JOHANNIS HUGHES.

OCCIDIT heu nimium fato ſublatus acerbo,
Occidit Aonidùm decus ille dolorque ſororum!
Quæ te, magne, tuis rapuit ſors aſpera, vates?
Quo fugis, ah! noſtras nunquam rediturus in oras!
En! tibi ferali crinem cinxêre cupreſſo,
Et circum cineres Parnaſſia numina lugent.
Ipſa tuam flet adhuc, flebitque Britannia mortem;
Te patria expoſcit, fœcundaque criminis ætas.

Non tua te pietas, non candida vita, nec artes
Ingenuæ, duro juvenem eripuêre sepulchro!
Sed tibi mors longos nequicquam inviderit annos,
Dum maneant claræ monumenta perennia famæ,
Dircæusque volet superas tuus ales in auras.
Spernis trita sonans plectrum *, tenuisque camœnæ
Haud petis auxilium: terris te plena relictis
Mens rapit impavidum, cœlique per ardua ducit,
Jam procul ex oculis gentes et regna recedunt;
Jam tellus perit, et punctum vix cernitur orbis.
At vos, immensi placidissima lumina mundi,
Sol, Luna, æterno meritas O! pangite laudes
Auctori dominoque; suis concussa tremiscat
Sedibus, et magnum agnoscat Natura Parentem,
Dum vates arcana, parum sententia vulgi
Ut stet sollicitus, sublimi carmine pandit!
Qualis verborum pompa! ut ruit ore profoundo
Fervidus, ingenii caleat cum Spiritus ingens!
Nec minor incedis, tragico indignusve cothurno.
Dum tuus Arabicos Phocyas ruit acer in hostes,
Quis non æquales toto sub pectore flammas
Concipit, et simili laudis fervescit amore!
O qualis linguæ divina potentia! quali
Arte trahis faciles animos; seu pectora flecti
Dura jubes, et pulchræ acuis virtutis honore;

* Hæc, et proxima alludunt ad sublimia illa authoris nostri Poemata, quibus tituli, Hymnus ad Creatorem Mundi, et Ecstasis.

Sive intus placidos Eudocia concitet ignes;
Ah nimium, nimium infelix Eudocia! quem non
Sors tua sæva movet? madidi vectigal ocelli
Quis neget? infaustos quis non deploret amores?
O semper damnata pati fata aspera virtus!
At tibi quis sensus, quæ mens, Eudocia, cum jam
Extrahit infixam Phocyas tua flamma sagittam,
Securus fati, vitamque ex vulnere fundit?
Quis fatis ingenium comis miretur Abudæ?
Quam piger ad pœnas, miserumque benignus in ho-
Exemplar vel Christianis imitabile, mores [stem!
Digni etiam meliore fide! O quam, nube remotâ
Erroris, tanti eniteant pietatis honores!
Sed quid ego plura hîc laudare nitentia pergam?
Tota nitet, pulchro tota ordine fabrica surgit,
Et delectamur passim, passimque monemur.

E Coll. Mert. Oxon. — L. DUNCOMBE.

Amabilis Juvenis, hujus Carminis Author.
Obiit 26 Decem. 1730, anno ætatis 19.
"—Nox atra caput tristi circumvolat umbrâ." VIRG.

PROLOGUE

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. HUGHES.

Spoken by Mr. Milward, on the revival of The Siege of Damascus, at the Theatre-royal in Drury Lane, March 22. 1734-5.

HERE force and fancy, with united charms,
Mingle the sweets of love with war's alarms.
Our Author shows, in Eastern pomp array'd,
The conqu'ring hero and the constant maid.
None better knew such noble heights to soar,
Tho' Phædra and tho' Cato charm'd before.
While in the lustre of his glowing lines
Th' Arabian paradise so gaily shines
With winy rivers, racy fruits supply'd,
And beauties sparkling in immortal pride,
Gallants! you'll own that a re[illegible] fire
Did justly their enamour'd breasts inspire.
At first a num'rous audience crown'd this play,
And kind applauses mark'd its happy way,
While he, like his own Phocyas, snatch'd from view,
To fairer realms with ripen'd glory flew.
Humane tho' witty, humble tho' admir'd,
Wept by the great, the virtuous sage expir'd.
Still may the bard, beneath kind planets born,
Whom ev'ry Grace and ev'ry Muse adorn,
Whose spreading fame has reach'd to foreign lands,
Receive some tribute too from British hands.

TO MR. HUGHES,

ON HIS OPERA OF

CALYPSO AND TELEMACHUS.

BY TOPHAM FOOT, ESQ.*

WHILE with a maſter-ſkill you ſtrike the ſtrings,
And our own Britiſh Muſe ſo tuneful ſings,
Th' Italian Opera ſure will quit the ſtage,
And charms ſuperior fix the flutt'ring age.
Muſic and Verſe no longer diſagree,
Nor ſenſe is now a foe to harmony:
In your Telemachus both parts we find,
Poetic beauty with ſoft ſounds combin'd.
  Here Nature 's ſtudy'd with ſuch pow'rful arts
As touch the ſecret ſprings that guide our hearts.
At your command our ready paſſions move;
With you we rage, we pity, hate, and love.
Each juſt deſcription ſhines ſo clear and bright,
We think the real objects ſtrike our ſight;
And ſuch inſtructions flow from Mentor's tongue,
Minerva only could inſpire the ſong.
  How gaily dreſs'd the firſt bright ſcene appears!
What wanton beauties all the iſland wears!
Methinks I hear the murm'ring waters flow,
And echoing rocks repeat Calypſo's woe!

* The author's age twenty-two.

Now the fond goddeſs loſt Ulyſſes mourns,
But ſoon for a more blooming hero burns.
What arts doth ſhe not try, what charms put on,
To make the beauteous haughty youth her own?
Then what fierce furies in her boſom riſe,
To find the prince her offer'd love deſpiſe?
With pleaſure in Telemachus we ſee
An image of true filial piety,
Till Eucharis, coquette, gay, young, and fair,
Finds means to fix him in th' enchanted ſnare.
Here Mentor for a while withdraws his face,
And lets him prove the dangers of the place;
But when he ſeems juſt ſinking in the waves,
Exerts the goddeſs, and her pupil ſaves.

May 1712.

PREFACE TO TRIUMPH OF PEACE, &c.

As it is observable that the enemies of our happy settlement distinguish themselves by taking all occasions to reflect on the glorious founder of it, the immortal K. William, so it becomes its friends to be always repeating their just tribute of gratitude to his memory. This, I suppose, is the reason why it is judged that an edition of The Triumph of Peace, The Court of Neptune, and The House of Nassau, poems printe dformerly at different times, will not now be unseasonable or unacceptable to the public. I shall therefore make no apology for the imperfection of these little pieces, but dedicate them, such as they are, To the Lovers of King William and of the present government. The first of them (and indeed the first of my attempts in this kind) was writ about nineteen years ago, when the Author was a very young adventurer in poetry.

The cause for which the Prince of Orange came over, and for which he was so joyfully received by the nation in its distress was, I believe, at that time universally understood to be the cause of the Protestant religion, of the church of England, and of our civil rights and liberties; all which were acknowledged to be in the utmost danger, and could only be restored, under Providence, by his timely assistance. It is wonderful then how any numbers of Englishmen or Protestants can have altered their sentiments since; as if, with an inverted common sense, they were destined to grow less wise upon second thoughts, and to lose

by reflection that first prudence, or rather instinct of Nature, which is apt to direct all creatures in extremity to their true interest and preservation. This I fear must in a great measure have been owing to the inconsistency of asserting doctrines which must always render the safety of societies precarious, and renouncing them afterwards when they were found ruinous and impracticable; and yet, when the storm was over, endeavouring to recover them again, like goods after a wreck, tho' they had very much contributed to our former danger. We have once more been convinced, by a late instance, how little the profession of such doctrines is to be depended upon: we have seen that they who have been most ready to flatter princes with an absolute and unlimited power have been the first to rise in arms against them upon no real provocation; whilst others who have honestly declared against those doctrines have proved to be the best subjects, and have not fled to an extraordinary remedy but when the necessity of the case has been so plain that even opposite and contending parties have agreed in it. In such cases neither God, Nature, nor our own happy constitution, have left us without the means of redress; and it is not piety or virtue, but dissimulation or poverty of spirit, to disclaim it.

Methinks it should be a pleasure to every one who loves his country to consider that it is upon this natural and unalienable liberty of English subjects that the present happy establishment, in consequence of

the Revolution, is founded. If that was juſt and lawful, this is undoubtedly ſo, having received the ſanction of all the eſtates of the realm in two ſucceeding reigns, and by ſeveral acts of parliament.

This is that foundation which, being built on the mutual happineſs of prince and people, is moſt agreeable both to the laws of Nature and to the true precepts of Religion, which do not partially provide for the immoderate power of particular perſons, but regard the good of communities: and ſuch a foundation, being of God and of right reaſon, muſt ſtand, unleſs for our folly or our vices we ſhould be ſuffered to deſtroy it. It is a true maxim of the Marquis of Halifax, "That a prince who breaks with the laws quar-"rels with his guards." And, on the other hand, a people unreaſonably breaking in upon their prince, as in the late rebellion, are but like the fool in the tree, who laboured to cut off the bough on which he ſtood, and never thought of the conſequence, that he muſt fall with it.

The beſt that can be wiſhed to ſuch deſperate and unhappy men is, that they may be ſaved againſt their wills; and that the invaluable legacy of Engliſh liberty, which had been with ſo much difficulty retrieved, may be placed for them in the hands of truſtees who are wiſer than themſelves, and who will not ſuffer them to ſquander it away from themſelves and their poſterity. The leaving it guarded by proper laws was a care worthy the dying thoughts of that hero who

had undergone ſo many hazards and fatigues in its preſervation. And here I beg leave to mention to the public one circumſtance, which was known to thoſe who were about his Majeſty at that time. The King was grown ſo weak as to be incapable of ſigning any papers, and a commiſſion having been agreed on for giving the royal aſſent to the bill for ſettling the ſucceſſion of the crown, after the late queen, in that illuſtrious family which now enjoyes it, a ſtamp of his Majeſty's name was ordered to be prepared, to be put by him to that commiſſion. Sir Richard Blackmore, who had conſtantly attended the King during that fatal ſickneſs, was juſtly apprehenſive of the great danger to the nation of loſing any of the laſt moments of a life of ſo great importance, and preſſed thoſe who had the direction of that affair to make the utmoſt haſte in completing it: his advice was followed; and his Majeſty juſt lived to put his ſtamp to that commiſſion, and to know that it was executed; without which the enemies of the eſtabliſhment might have had an opportunity of obſtructing it. As this was the laſt action, ſo it was the moſt glorious one, of a prince whoſe life had been a public bleſſing, and who did not die, like Auguſtus, vainly begging applauſe, but continuing to deſerve it, in ſo great and generous an inſtance, as if he wiſhed to have his own reign forgotten, if poſſible, in the happineſs of thoſe whom he had provided to ſucceed him.

April 1716. J. H.

MISCELLANIES.

THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE.

OCCASIONED BY THE PEACE OF RYSWICK, 1697.

Hear, Britain! hear a rough unpractis'd tongue;
Tho' rough my voice, the Muse inspires the song;
The heav'n-born Muse: ev'n now she springs her flight,
And bears my raptur'd soul thro' untrac'd realms of light.
We mount aloft, and in our airy way
Retiring kingdoms far beneath survey.
Amid the rest a spacious tract appears,
Obscure in view, and on its visage wears
Black hov'ring mists, which, thick'ning by degrees,
Extend a louring storm o'er earth and seas;
But, lo! an eastern light, arising high,
Drives the tempestuous wreck along the sky!
Then thus the Muse—"Look down, my Son! and see
"The bright procession of a deity!"
She spoke; the storm dispers'd; vanish'd the night;
And well-known Europe stands disclos'd to sight.
Of various states the various bounds appear,
There wide Hispania, fruitful Gallia here;
Belgia's moist soil conspicuous from afar,
And Flandria, long the field of a destructive war:

Germania, too, with cluſter'd vines o'erſpread,
And lovely Albion from her wat'ry bed,
Beauteous above the reſt, rears her auſpicious head.
Beneath her chalky cliffs ſea-nymphs reſort,
And awful Neptune keeps his reedy court;
His darling Thames, rich preſents in his hand
Of bounteous Ceres, traverſes the land,
And ſeems a mighty ſnake, whoſe ſhining pride
Does thro' the meads in ſinuous volumes glide.
  Ah! charming Iſle! faireſt of all the main!
Too long thou doſt my willing eye detain:
For ſee a hero on the adverſe ſtrand!
And, lo! a blooming virgin in his hand!
All hail, celeſtial Pair!—a goddeſs ſhe,
Of heav'nly birth confeſs'd, a more than mortal he!
Victorious laurels on his brows he wears,
Th' attending fair a branching olive bears;
Slender her ſhape, in ſilver bands confin'd,
Her ſnowy garments looſely flow behind,
Rich with embroider'd ſtars, and ruffle in the wind.
But once ſuch diff'ring beauty met before,
When warrior Mars did Love's bright queen adore;
Ev'n Love's bright queen might ſeem leſs winning fair,
And Mars ſubmit to his heroic air.
Not Jove himſelf, imperial Jove, can ſhow
A nobler mien, or more undaunted brow,
When his ſtrong arm thro' heav'n's ethereal plains
Compels the kindled bolt, and awful rule maintains.

And now embark'd they ſeek the Britiſh iſles:
Pleas'd with the charge, propitious Ocean ſmiles.
Before old Neptune ſmooths the liquid way;
Obſequious Tritons on the ſurface play,
And ſportful dolphins, with a nimble glance,
To the bright ſun their glitt'ring ſcales advance:
In oozy beds profound the billows ſleep,
No clam'rous winds awake the ſilent deep;
Rebuk'd, they whiſper in a gentle breeze,
And all around is univerſal peace.
Proceed, my Muſe! the following pomp declare;
Say who and what the bright attendants were.
Firſt Ceres, in her chariot ſeated high,
By harneſs'd dragons drawn along the ſky;
A cornucopia fill'd her weaker hand,
Charg'd with the various offspring of the land,
Fruit, flow'rs, and corn; her right a ſickle bore;
A yellow wreath of twiſted wheat ſhe wore.
Next father Bacchus with his tigers grac'd
The ſhow, and, ſqueezing cluſters as he paſs'd,
Quaff'd flowing goblets of rich-flavour'd wine.
In order laſt ſucceed the tuneful Nine:
Apollo too was there; behind him hung
His uſeleſs quiver, and his bow unſtrung;
He touch'd his golden lyre, and thus he ſung.
" Lead on, great William! in thy happy reign
" Peace and the Muſes are reſtor'd again.

"War, that fierce lion, long diſdaining law,
"Rang'd uncontroll'd, and kept the world in awe,
"While trembling kingdoms crouch'd beneath his paw.
"At laſt the reeling monſter, drunk with gore,
"Falls at thy feet ſubdu'd, and quells his roar;
"Tamely to thee he bends his ſhaggy mane,
"And on his neck admits the long-rejected chain.
"At thy protecting court, for this bleſs'd day,
"Attending nations their glad thanks ſhall pay:
"Not Belgia, and the reſcu'd Iſle alone,
"But Europe, ſhall her great deliv'rer own.
"Rome's mighty grandeur was not more confeſt,
"When great Antonius travell'd thro' the Eaſt,
"And crowds of monarchs did each morning wait
"With early homage at his palace-gate.
"Haſte then, bright Prince! thy Britain's tranſport meet;
"Haſte to her arms, and make her bliſs complete!
"Whate'er glad news has reach'd her liſt'ning ear,
"While her long-abſent lord provokes her fear
"Her joys are in ſuſpenſe, her pleaſures unſincere.
"He comes, thy hero comes! O beauteous Iſle!
"Revive thy genius with a cheerful ſmile!
"Let thy rejoicing ſons freſh palms prepare
"To grace the trophies of the finiſh'd war;
"On high be hung the martial ſword inſheath'd,
"The ſhield with ribbons dreſs'd, and ſpear with ivy wreath'd!

" Let ſpeaking paint in various tablets ſhow
" Paſt ſcenes of battle to the crowd below!
" Round this triumphant pile, in ruſtic dance,
" The ſhouting ſwains ſhall hand in hand advance;
" The wealthy farmer from his toils ſhall ceaſe,
" The ploughman from the yoke his ſmoking ſteers releaſe,
" And join to ſolemnize the feſtival of Peace.
" No more for want of hands th' unlabour'd field,
" Choak'd with rank weeds, a ſickly crop ſhall yield:
" Calm Peace returns; behold her ſhining train!
" And fruitful plenty is reſtor'd again."—
Apollo ceas'd—The Muſes take the ſound,
From voice to voice th' harmonious notes rebound,
And echoing lyres tranſmit the volant fugue around.
Mean-while the ſteady bark, with proſp'rous gales,
Fills the large ſheets of her expanded ſails,
And gains th' intended port. Thick on the ſtrand,
Like ſwarming bees, th' aſſembled Britons ſtand,
And preſs to ſee their welcome ſov'reign land.
At his approach unruly tranſport reigns
In every breaſt, and rapture fires their veins:
A gen'ral ſhout ſucceeds, as when on high
Exploded thunder rends the vaulted ſky:
A ſhort convulſion ſhakes the ſolid ſhore,
And rocks th' adjacent deep, unmov'd before;

Loud acclamations thro' the vallies ring,
While to Auguſta's wall the crowd attend their king.
  And now behold a finiſh'd temple riſe *,
On lofty pillars climbing to the ſkies!
Of bulk ſtupendous, its proud pile it rears,
The gradual product of ſucceſſive years.
An inner gate, that folds with iron leaves,
The charm'd ſpectators' ent'ring ſteps receives,
Where curious works in twiſted ſtems are ſeen
Of branching foliage, vacuous between.
O'er this a vocal organ, mounted high
On marble columns, ſtrikes the wond'ring eye,
And feeds at once two ſenſes with delight,
Sweet to the ear, and ſplendid to the ſight:
Marble the floor, enrich'd with native ſtains
Of various dye, and ſtreak'd with azure veins.
Ev'n emulous Art with Nature ſeems to ſtrive,
And the carv'd figures almoſt breathe and live:
The painted altar, glorious to behold,
Shines with delightful blue and dazzling gold.
Here firſt th' illuſtrious three, of heav'nly race,
Religion, Liberty, and Peace, embrace;
Here joyful crowds their pious thanks expreſs,
For Peace reſtor'd, and Heav'n's indulgence bleſs.
Auſpicious Structure! borne in happy days,
Whoſe firſt employment is the nobleſt, praiſe!

* The choir of St. Paul's was firſt opened on the day of thankſgiving for the peace.

So when by juſt degrees th' Eternal Thought
His ſix days' labour to perfection brought,
With laws of motion firſt endu'd the whole,
And bade the heav'ns in deſtin'd circles roll,
The poliſh'd ſpheres commenc'd their harmony,
All Nature in a chorus did agree,
And the world's birth-day was a jubilee.

THE COURT OF NEPTUNE.

ON KING WILLIAM'S

RETURN FROM HOLLAND, 1699.

Addreſſed to the Right Hon.

CHARLES MONTAGUE, ESQ.

BEGIN, celeſtial Muſe! a tuneful ſtrain
Of Albion's prince conducted o'er the main;
Of Courts conceal'd in waves, and Neptune's wat'ry reign:
Sing from beneath, how the green deity
Roſe to the ſov'reign of the Britiſh ſea;
To pow'r confeſs'd the triple mace reſign'd,
O'er-rul'd the floods, and charg'd the rebel wind;
Secur'd his paſſage homeward, and reſtor'd,
Safe to the lovelieſt Iſle the beſt-lov'd lord.
The gen'rous name of Montague has long
Been fam'd in verſe, and grac'd the poets' ſong:
In verſe himſelf can happy wonders do,
The beſt of patrons and of poets too.

Amid the ſkilful choir that court his ear,
If he vouchſafe theſe ruder lays to hear,
His bright example, while to him I ſing,
Shall raiſe my feeble flight, and mount me on the wing.
On Albion's eaſtern coaſt, an ancient town *
O'erlooks the ſea, to mariners well known,
Where the ſwift Stourus † ends his ſnaky train,
And pays his wat'ry tribute to the main:
Stourus, whoſe ſtream, prolific as it glides,
Two fertile counties in its courſe divides,
And rolls to ſeaward with a lover's pace:
There beauteous Orwell meets his fond embrace;
They mix their am'rous ſtreams, the briny tide
Receives them join'd; their crooked ſhores provide
A ſpacious bay within for anchor'd ſhips to ride.
Here, on the margin of the rolling flood,
Divinely fair! like ſea-born Venus, ſtood
Britannia's Genius, in a robe array'd
Of broider'd arms, and heraldry diſplay'd:
A crown of cities charg'd her graceful brows;
In waving curls her hair luxuriant flows;
Celeſtial glories in her eyes are ſeen;
Her ſtature tall, majeſtic is her mien.
With ſuch a preſence thro' th' adoring ſkies
Shines the great Parent of the deities;
Such tow'ry honours on her temples riſe

* Harwich.
† The river Stoure, that runs between Suffolk and Eſſex.

When, drawn by lions, ſhe proceeds in ſtate;
Trains of attendant gods around her chariot wait;
The mother-goddeſs, with ſuperior grace,
Surveys and numbers o'er her bright immortal race.
While thus the lovely Genius hovers o'er
The water's brink, and from the ſandy ſhore
Beholds th' alternate billows fall and riſe,
(By turns they ſink below, by turns they mount the ſkies)
" And muſt," ſhe ſaid——
Then paus'd, and drew a ſigh of anxious love;
" Muſt my dear lord this faithleſs ocean prove?
" Eſcap'd the chance of war and fraud of foes,
" Wilt thou to warring waves thy ſacred life expoſe?
" Why am I thus divided by the ſea
" From all the world, and all the world in thee?
" Could ſighs and tears the rage of tempeſts bind,
" With tears I'd bribe the ſeas, with ſighs the wind:
" Soft-ſighing gales thy canvaſs ſhould inſpires.
" But hence, ye boiſt'rous Storms! far hence retire
" To inland woods; there your mad pow'rs appeaſe,
" And ſcour the duſty plains, or ſtrip the foreſt trees;
" Or, lodg'd in hollow rocks, profoundly ſleep,
" And reſt from the loud labours of the deep!
" Why ſhould I fear?—If heroes be the care
" Of Heav'n above, and Heav'n inclines to pray'r,
" Thou ſail'ſt ſecure; my ſons with lifted eyes
" And pious vows for thee have gain'd the ſkies.

" Come, then, my much-lov'd lord! No more th' alarms
" Of wasteful war require thee from my arms.
" Thy sword gives plenteous peace; but without thee
" Peace has no charms, and plenty 's poverty.
" At length enjoy, for whom you 'ave fought, the
" Of islands, bright, majestic, and serene! [queen
" Unveil'd from clouds which did her form disguise,
" And hid a thousand beauties from thy eyes.
" A thousand treasures, unsurvey'd, invite
" Their lord to various scenes of new delight.
" Come, see the dow'r I brought! my spacious downs,
" My num'rous counties and my ancient towns;
" Landscapes of rising mountains, shaggy woods,
" Green vallies, smiling meadows, silver floods,
" And plains with lowing herds enrich'd around,
" The hills with flocks, the flocks with fleeces crown'd!
" All these with native wea[illegible]y pow'r maintain,
" And bloom with blessings of thy easy reign.
" Haste, hoist thy sails! and thro' the foamy brine
" Rush to my arms; henceforth be wholly mine:
" After nine toilsome years let slaughter cease,
" And flourish now secure in the soft arts of peace!"
She said; th' entreated winds her accents bore,
And wing'd the message to the Belgic shore.
The pious hero heard, nor could delay
To meet the lovely voice that summon'd him away;
The lovely voice, whose soft-complaining charms
Before had call'd the succour of his arms,

Nor call'd in vain; when fir'd with gen'rous rage
T' oppose the fury of a barb'rous age,
Like Jove with awful thunder in his hand,
Thro' storms and fleets at sea, and foes at land,
He urg'd his daring way: before his sight
On silver wings bright Glory took her flight,
And left, to guide his course, long shining tracks
of light!

And now, once more embark'd, propitious gales
Blow fresh from shore, and fill his hollow sails.
As when the golden god that rules the day
Drives down his flaming chariot to the sea,
And leaves the nations here involv'd in night,
To distant regions he transports his light;
So William's rays, by turns, two nations cheer,
And when he sets to them he rises here.

Forsaken Belgia, as the ship withdrew,
Shed gen'rous tears, and breath'd this soft adieu:
"Since empire calls thee, and a glorious throne,
"Thy people's weighty int'rests and thy own,
"(Tho' struggling love would fain persuade thy stay)
"Go where thy better fortune leads the way:
"Mean-while my loss allow me to complain,
"And wish—ah! no; that partial wish were vain.
"Tho' honour'd Crete had nurs'd the thund'ring god,
"Crete was not always bless'd with his abode;
"Nor was it fit that William's godlike mind,
"For nations born, should be to one confin'd.

"This only grant, ſince I muſt aſk no more,
"Reviſit once again your native ſhore!
"That hope my ſorrows ſhall beguile; and thou,
"My happy rival! wilt that hope allow;
"'Tis all th' enjoyment Fate has left me now.
"So may'ſt thou, fair Britannia! ever be
"Firm to thy ſovereign's love, and his to thee,
"While widow'd I"—There riſing ſighs repreſt
Her fainting voice, and ſtifled in the reſt.
  Now while the bounding veſſel drives before
The guſty gales, and leaves the leſſ'ning ſhore,
Behold the parting clouds to diſtance fly,
And golden glories, pouring from on high,
New dreſs the day, and cheer th' enlighten'd ſky!
One ſhooting beam, like lightning doubly bright,
Darts on the middle main its ſtreaming light.
Lo! William's guardian angel there deſcends;
To Neptune's Court his heav'nly meſſage tends:
In arms celeſtial how he ſhines afar!
Like Pallas marching to th' awaken'd war.
His left hand gripes a ſpacious orb of ſhield,
With thouſand intercepted dangers fill'd,
And deaths of various kinds; his right diſplays
A temper'd blade, that ſpreads a formidable blaze.
He ſtrikes the waves; th' obſequious waves obey,
And, op'ning in a gulf, diſcloſe the downward way.
  O Muſe! by thee conducted down, I dare
The ſecrets of the wat'ry world declare;

For nothing 'ſcapes thy view; to thee 'tis giv'n
To range the ſpace of earth, and ſeas, and heav'n,
Deſcry a thouſand forms conceal'd from ſight,
And in immortal verſe to give the viſions light.
 A rock there lies, in depth of ſea profound;
About its clefts rich beds of pearl abound,
Where ſportful Nature, cov'ring her retreat
With flowing waters, holds her ſecret ſeat:
In woods of coral intricate ſhe ſtrays,
And wreathes the ſhells of fiſh a thouſand ways,
And animates the ſpawn of all her finny race.
Th' unnumber'd ſpecies of the fertile tide,
In ſhoals, around their mighty mother glide.
From out the rock's wide caverns deep below
The ruſhing ocean riſes to its flow,
And, ebbing, here retires; within its ſides,
In roomy caves, the god of Sea reſides:
Pillars unhewn, of living ſtone, bear high
His vaulted courts; in ſtorms the billows fly
O'er th' echoing roof like thunder thro' the ſkies,
And warn the ruler of the floods to riſe
And check the raving winds, and the ſwoln waves
 chaſtiſe.
Rich ſpoils, by plund'ring tempeſts hither borne,
An univerſe of wealth! the palace-rooms adorn:
Before its entrance broken wrecks are ſeen
In heaps deform'd, a melancholy ſcene:

But far within, upon a moſſy throne,
With waſhy ooze and ſamphire overgrown,
The ſea-green king his forky ſceptre rears;
Awful his aſpect, num'rous are his years:
A pearly crown circles his brows divine;
His beard and dewy hair ſhed trickling drops of brine.
The river-gods, his num'rous progeny,
On beds of ruſhes round their parent lie.
Here Danube and the Rhine; Nile's ſecret ſource
Dwells here conceal'd; hence Tiber takes his courſe;
Hence rapid Rhodanus his current pours,
And, iſſuing from his urn, majeſtic Padus roars;
And Alpheus ſeeks, with ſilent pace, the lov'd Si-
cilian ſhores:
But, chief in honour, Neptune's darling ſon,
The beauteous Thames, lies neareſt to his throne:
Nor thou, fair Boyne! ſhalt paſs unmention'd by,
Already ſung in ſtrains that ne'er ſhall die.
Theſe, and a thouſand more, whoſe winding trains
Seek various lands, the wealthy ſire maintains;
Each day the fluid portions he divides,
And fills their craving urns with freſh-recruited tides;
But not alike; for oft' his partial care
Beſtows on ſome a diſproportion'd ſhare,
From whence their ſwelling currents, o'er-ſupply'd,
Thro' delug'd fields in noiſy triumph ride.
The god was juſt preparing to renew
His daily taſk, when ſudden in his view

Appear'd the guardian pow'r, all dazzling bright,
And, ent'ring, flash'd the caves with beamy light.
Boyne, Rhine, the Sambre, on their banks had seen
The glorious form, and knew his martial mien;
In throngs th' admiring Nereids round him press'd,
And Tritons crowd to view the heav'nly guest.
Then thus, advancing, he his will explains:
"O mighty Sov'reign of the liquid plains!
"Haste, to the surface of the deep repair;
"This solemn day requires thy presence there,
"To rule the storms, the rising waves restrain,
"And shake thy sceptre o'er the govern'd main.
"By breathing gales on thy dominions driv'n,
"To thee three kingdoms' hopes in charge are giv'n,
"The glory of the world, and best-belov'd of Heav'n.
"Behold him figur'd here!"—He said, and held,
Refulgent, to his view the guardian shield.
On the rich mould, inwrought with skill divine,
Great William's wars in splendid sculpture shine:
Here how his saving pow'r was first display'd,
And Holland rescu'd by his youthful aid;
When, kindling in his soul, the martial flame
Broke fiercely out, preluding future fame,
And round the frontiers dealt avenging fire;
Swift from the hot pursuit the blasted foes retire:
Then battles, sieges, camps, are grav'd afar,
And the long progress of the dreadful war.

Above the reſt Seneffe's immortal fight,
In larger figures offer'd to the ſight, [light.
With martial terror charms, and gives a fierce de-
Here the confed'rate troops are forc'd to yield,
Driv'n by unequal numbers thro' the field:
With his bright ſword young Naſſau there withſtands
Their flight; with pray'rs and blows he urges his
commands,
Upbraids their fainting force, and boldly throws
Himſelf the firſt amidſt the wond'ring foes.
What dare not men by ſuch a gen'ral led?
Rallying with ſhouts, their hero at their head,
Fir'd with new rage, aſham'd they once did fly,
Reſolv'd to overcome, or reſolute to die,
Thro' trampled heaps of ſlain they ruſh to victory.
Earth trembles at the charge! Death, Blood, and
Inſatiate riot all the murd'rous day; [Prey,
Nor night itſelf their fury can allay,
Till the pale moon, that ſickens at the fight,
Retires behind a cloud to blind the bloody fight.
Again the ſhield in ſavage proſpect ſhows
An ancient abbey *, which rough woods incloſe;
And precipices vaſt abruptly riſe,
Where, ſafe encamp'd, proud Luxemburgh defies
All open violence or cloſe ſurpriſe.
But ſee! a ſecond Hannibal from far,
Up the ſteep height conducts th' entangled war;

* St. Dennis, near Mons.

Brave Offory, attended with the pride
Of Englifh valour, charges by his fide.
Inclos'd they fight; the forefts fhine around
With flafhing fires; the thunder'd hills rebound,
And the fhock'd country, wide beneath, rebellows to the found.
Forc'd from their holds, at length they fpeed their flight;
Rich tents, and ftores of war, the victors' toils requite.
Then peace enfues; and in a fhining train
The friendly chiefs affemble on the plain.
An ardent zeal the Gallic gen'ral warms
To fee the youth that kindled fuch alarms;
Wond'ring he views; fecure the foldiers prefs
Round their late dread, and the glad treaty blefs.
Next on the broad circumference is wrought
The nine years' w[illegible] f[illegible]lov'd Britannia fought;
The caufe the fame: fair Liberty betray'd,
And banifh'd Juftice, fly to him for aid.
Here failing fhips are drawn, the crowded ftrand,
And Heav'n's avenger haft'ning to the land.
Oppreffion, Fraud, Confufion, and Affright,
Fierce fiends, that ravag'd in the gloomy night
Of lawlefs pow'r, defeated, fly before his dazzling light.
So to th' eclipfing moon, by the ftill fide
Of fome lone thicket, revelling hags provide

Dire charms, that threat the ſleeping neighbourhood,
And quaff, with magic mix'd, vaſt bowls of human [blood;
But when the dawn reveals the purple eaſt,
They vaniſh ſullen from th' unfiniſh'd feaſt.
Here joyful crowds triumphant arches rear
To their deliv'rer's praiſe; glad ſenates there,
In ſplendid pomp, the regal ſtate confer.

Hibernia's fields new triumphs then ſupply;
The rival kings, in arms, the fate of empire try.
See where the Boyne two warring hoſts divides,
And rolls between the fight his murm'ring tides!
In vain—hills, foreſts, ſtreams, muſt all give place
When William leads, and victory 's the chaſe.
Thou ſaw'ſt him, Boyne! when thy charg'd waters [bore
The ſwimming courſers to th' oppoſing ſhore,
And round thy banks thou heard'ſt the murd'ring cannons roar.
What more than mortal bravery inſpir'd
The daring troops, by his example fir'd!
Thou ſaw'ſt their wondrous deeds; to Neptune's Court
Thy flying waves convey'd the ſwift report,
And, red with ſlaughter, to their father ſhow'd
Streams not their own, and a diſcolour'd flood.

Here, on th' ethereal mould, hurl'd from afar,
Th' exploded ball had mark'd a dinted ſcar.
'Twas deſtin'd thus; for when, all glowing red,
The angel took it from the forge, he ſaid,

Se

"This part be left unfated from the foe!
"And, ſcarce eſcap'd, once let the hero know
"How much to my protection he ſhall owe;
"Yet from the batter'd ſhield the ball ſhall bound,
"And on his arm inflict a ſcarlet wound."
Elſewhere behold Namur's proud turrets riſe,
Majeſtic to the ſight, advancing to the ſkies!
The Meuſe and Sambre here united flow,
Nature's defence againſt th' invading foe;
Induſtrious Art her ſtrength of walls ſupplies;
Before the town the Britiſh army lies.
The works are mann'd; with fury they contend;
Theſe thunder from theplains, thoſe from the walls de-
Red globes of fire from bellowing engines fly, [fend.
And lead a ſweeping blaze, like comets, thro' the ſky.
The kindled region glows; with deaf'ning ſound
They burſt; their iron entrails hurl'd around,
Strow with thick-ſcatter'd deaths the crimſon
ground.
See where the Genius of the war appears,
Nor ſhuns the labour, nor the danger fears!
In clouds of ſulph'rous ſmoke he ſhines more bright,
For Glory round him waits with beams of living light:
At length the widen'd gates a conqueſt own,
And to his arms reſign the yielding town.
Here, from the field return'd, with olive crown'd,
Applauding throngs their welcome prince ſurround;

Bright honours in his glorious entry ſhine,
And peace reſtor'd concludes the great deſign.
Long o'er the figur'd work, with vaſt ſurpriſe,
Admiring Neptune roll'd his raviſh'd eyes;
Then, riſing from his throne, thus call'd aloud,
" Ye lovely Daughters of the briny Flood!
" Haſte, comb your ſilver locks, and ſtraight prepare
" To fill my train, and gaze in upper air:
" This day majeſtic glories you ſhall ſee;
" Come, all ye wat'ry pow'rs who under me
" Your little tridents wield, and rule the boiſt'rous ſea!
" What god, that views the triumphs here diſplay'd,
" Can to ſuch worth refuſe his heav'nly aid?"
He ſaid no more—but bade two Tritons ſound
Their crooked ſhells, to ſpread the ſummons round.
Thro' the wide caves the blaſt is heard afar;
With ſpeed two more provide his azure car,
A concave ſhell; two the finn'd courſers join:
All wait officious round, and own th' accuſtom'd ſign.
The god aſcends; his better hand ſuſtains
The three-fork'd ſpear, his left directs the reins.
Thro' breaking waves the chariot mounts him high;
Before its thund'ring courſe the frothy waters fly:
He gains the ſurface; on his either ſide
The bright attendants, rang'd with comely pride,
Advance in juſt array, and grace the pompous tide.

Mean-while Britannia's king confpicuous ftood,
And from his deck furvey'd the boundlefs flood.
Smooth was the glaffy fcene; the fun beheld
His face unclouded in the liquid field:
The gazing Nereids, in a fhining train,
Inclofe the ruler of the Britifh main,
And fweetly fing; fufpended winds forbear
Their loud complaints, the foothing lay to hear.
" Hail, facred Charge!" they cry; " the beauties we
" Of Neptune's Court, are come t' attend on thee:
" Accept our offer'd aid. Thy potent fway,
" Unbounded by the land, thefe wat'ry realms obey,
" And we thy fubject-pow'rs our duteous homage pay.
" See Neptune's felf, inferior in command,
" Prefents his trident to thy honour'd hand!"
They faid; the fire approach'd with awe profound;
The rite perform'd, their fhells the Tritons found;
Swell'd with the fhrill alarm the joyful billows bound.
Now from the fhore Britannia firft defcries
White fails afar, then bulky veffels rife
Nearer to view; her beating heart foretells
The pleafing news, and eager tranfport feels.
Safe to her arms imperial Neptune bears
Th' intrufted charge, then diving difappears.

THE PICTURE.

Come, my Muſe! a Venus draw;
Not the ſame the Grecians ſaw,
By the fam'd Apelles wrought,
Beauteous offspring of his thought.
No fantaſtic goddeſs mine;
Fiction far ſhe does outſhine.
Queen of Fancy! hither bring
On thy gaudy-feather'd wing
All the beauties of the ſpring.
Like the bee's induſtrious pains
To collect his golden gains,
So from ev'ry flow'r and plant
Gather firſt th' immortal paint.
Fetch me lilies, fetch me roſes,
Daiſies, violets, cowſlip-poſies.
Amaranthus, parrot pride,
Woodbines, pinks, and what beſide
Does th' embroider'd meads adorn,
Where the Fawns and Satyrs play
In the merry month of May.
Steal the bluſh of op'ning morn;
Borrow Cynthia's ſilver white
When ſhe ſhines at noon of night,
Free from clouds to veil her light.
Juno's bird his tail ſhall ſpread,
Iris' bow its colours ſhed,

All to deck this charming piece,
Far furpaffing ancient Greece.
First her graceful ftature fhow,
Not too tall, nor yet too low.
Fat fhe muft not be, nor lean;
Let her fhape be ftraight and clean;
Small her waift, and, thence increaft,
Gently fwells her rifing breaft.
Next, in comely order trace
All the glories of her face.
Paint her neck of ivory,
Smiling cheeks, and forehead high,
Ruby lips, and fparkling eyes,
Whence refiftlefs lightning flies.
Foolifh Mufe! what? haft thou done?
Scarce th' outlines are yet begun
Ere thy pencil's thrown afide!
"'Tis no matter," Love reply'd;
(Love's unlucky god ftood by)
"At one ftroke behold how I
"Will th' unfinifh'd draught fupply."
Smiling then he took his dart,
And drew her Picture in my heart.

BARN-ELMS.

LET Phœbus his late happineſs rehearſe,
And grace Barn-Elms with never-dying verſe.
Smooth was the Thames, his waters ſleeping lay,
Unwak'd by winds that o'er the ſurface play,
When th' early god, ariſing from the Eaſt,
Diſclos'd the golden dawn, with bluſhes dreſt.
Firſt in the ſtream his own bright form he ſees,
But brighter forms ſhine thro' the neighb'ring trees:
He ſpeeds the riſing day, and ſheds his light
Redoubled on the grove, to gain a nearer ſight.
Not with more ſpeed his Daphne he purſu'd,
Nor fair Leucothoe with ſuch pleaſure view'd;
Five dazzling nymphs in graceful pomp appear;
He thinks his Daphne and Leucothoe here,
Join'd with that heav'nly three who, on Mount Ide
Deſcending once, the prize of beauty try'd.
Ye verdant Elms! that tow'ring grace this grove,
Be ſacred ſtill to beauty and to love:
No thunder break, nor lightning glare between
Your twiſted boughs, but ſuch as then was ſeen.
The grateful ſun will ev'ry morning riſe
Propitious here, ſaluting from the ſkies
Your lofty tops, indulg'd with ſweeteſt air,
And ev'ry ſpring your loſſes he 'll repair;
Nor his own laurels more ſhall be his care.

ON THE FRIENDSHIP OF

PHOEBE AND ASTERIA;

AND THE SICKNESS OF THE FORMER.

An altar raiſe to friendſhip's holy flame,
Inſcrib'd with Phœbe's and Aſteria's name;
Around it, mingled in a ſolemn band,
Let Phœbe's lovers and Aſteria's ſtand,
With fervent vows t' attend the ſacrifice,
While rich perfumes from melted gums ariſe,
To bribe for Phœbe's health the partial ſkies.
  Forbid it, Love! that ſickly blaſts conſume
The flow'r of beauty in its tender bloom.
Shall ſhe ſo ſoon to her own heav'n retire,
Who gave ſo oft', yet never felt thy fire?
Who late at ſplendid feaſts ſo graceful ſhone,
By pleaſing ſmiles and num'rous conqueſts known;
Where, 'midſt the brighteſt nymphs, ſhe bore the prize
From all—from all but her Aſteria's eyes?
Behold the maid, who then ſecure, repell'd
The ſhafts of Love, by fainting ſickneſs quell'd!
(As Beauty's goddeſs once a wound ſuſtain'd,
Not from her ſon, but from a mortal's hand*)
Aſteria, too, forgets her ſprightly charms,
And drooping lies within her Phœbe's arms.

* Diomedes.

Thus in romantic hiſtories we read
Of tournaments by ſome great prince decreed,
Where two companion knights their lances wield
With matchleſs force, and win from all the field,
Till one, o'erheated in the courſe, retires,
And feels within his veins a fever's fires;
His grieving friend his laurels throws away,
And mourns the dear-bought triumphs of the day.
So ſtrict's the union of this tender pair,
What Heav'n decrees for one they both muſt ſhare.
Like meeting rivers, in one ſtream they flow,
And no divided joys or ſorrows know.
Not the bright Twins *, preferr'd in heav'n to ſhine,
Fair Leda's ſons, in ſuch a league could join.
One ſoul, as fables tell, by turns ſupply'd
That heav'nly pair, by turns they liv'd and dy'd;
But theſe have ſworn a matchleſs ſympathy;
They 'll live together, or together die.
When Heav'n did at Aſteria's birth beſtow
Thoſe laviſh charms with which ſhe wounds us ſo,
To form her glorious mind it did inſpire
A double portion of th' ethereal fire,
That half might afterward be thence convey'd
To animate that other lovely maid.
Thus native inſtinct does their hearts combine
In knots too cloſe for Fortune to untwine.
So India boaſts a tree that ſpreads around
Its am'rous boughs, which, bending, reach the ground,

* Caſtor and Pollux.

Where, taking root again, the branches raiſe
A ſecond tree to meet its fond embrace;
Then ſide by ſide the friendly neighbours thrive,
Fed by one ſap, and in each other live.
Of Phœbe's health we need not ſend to know,
How Nature ſtrives with her invading foe,
What ſymptoms good or ill each day ariſe;
We read thoſe changes in Aſteria's eyes.
Thus in ſome cryſtal fountain you may ſpy
The face of heav'n and the reflected ſky,
See what black clouds ariſe, when tempeſts lour,
And gath'ring miſts portend a falling ſhow'r,
And when the ſun breaks out with conqu'ring ray
To chaſe the darkneſs and reſtore the day.
Such be thy fate, bright Maid! from this decline
Ariſe, renew'd in charms, and doubly ſhine;
And as that dawning plan[illegible]s addreſt
With offer'd incenſe by th' adoring Eaſt,
So we 'll with ſongs thy glad recovery greet;
The Muſe ſhall lay her preſents at thy feet;
With open arms Aſteria ſhall receive
The deareſt pledge propitious Heav'n can give.
Fann'd by theſe winds, your friendſhip's gen'rous fire
Shall burn more bright, and to ſuch heights aſpire,
The wond'ring world ſhall think you from above
Come down to teach how happy angels love.

BEAUTY AND MUSIC.

I.

Ye Swains! whom radiant Beauty moves,
Or Music's art with sounds divine,
Think how the rapt'rous charm improves
Where two such gifts celestial join;

II.

Where Cupid's bow and Phœbus' lyre
In the same pow'rful hand are found;
Where lovely eyes inflame desire,
While trembling notes are taught to wound.

III.

Inquire not who 's the matchless fair
That can this double death bestow:
If young Harmonia's strains you hear,
Or view her eyes, too well you 'll know.

CUPID'S REVIEW.

Cupid! survey thy shining train around
Of fav'rite nymphs, for conquest most renown'd;
The lovely warriors that in bright array
Thy pow'r support, and propagate thy sway;
Then say what beauteous general wilt thou chuse
To lead the fair brigade against thy rebel foes?
Behold the god advance in comely pride,
Arm'd with his bow, his quiver by his side,

Inferior Cupids on their maſter wait;
He ſmiles well-pleas'd, and waves his wings in ſtate:
His little hands imperial trophies bear,
And laurel-wreaths to grace th' elected fair.
Hyde-Park the ſcene for the Review he nam'd,
Hyde-Park! for pleaſure and for beauty fam'd,
Where oft', from weſtern ſkies, the god of Light
Sees new-ariſing ſuns than his more bright,
Then ſets in bluſhes, and conveys his fire
To diſtant lands, that more his beams require.
And now the charming candidates appear;
Behold Britannia's victor Graces there,
Who vindicate their country's ancient claim
To Love's pre-eminence and beauty's fame.
Some who, at Anna's court, in honour rais'd,
Adorn birth-nights, by crowding nations prais'd,
Preſerv'd in Kneller's pictures, ever young,
In ſtrains immortal by the Muſes ſung.
Around the ring th' illuſtrious rivals move,
And teach to Love himſelf, the pow'r of love.
Scarce, tho' a god, he can with ſafety gaze
On glory ſo profuſe, ſuch mingled rays;
For Love had eyes on this important day,
And Venus from his forehead took the blinding-cloth [away.
Here Mira paſs'd, and fix'd his wond'ring view;
Her perfect ſhape diſtinguiſh'd praiſes drew
Tall, beauteous, and majeſtic, to the ſight,
She led the train, and ſparkled in the light.

There Stella claims the wreath, and pleads her eyes,
By which each day ſome new adorer dies.
Serena, by good humour doubly fair,
With native ſweetneſs charms, and ſmiling air;
While Flora's youthful years and looks diſplay
The bloom of rip'ning fruits, the innocence of May,
The op'ning ſweets that months of pleaſure bring,
The dawn of love, and life's indulgent ſpring.
'Twere endleſs to deſcribe the various darts
With which the fair are arm'd to conquer hearts.
Whatever can the raviſh'd ſoul inſpire
With tender thoughts, and animate deſire,
All arts and virtues mingled in the train,
And long the lovely rivals ſtrove in vain,
While Cupid, unreſolv'd, ſtill ſearch'd around the plain.
" O! could I find," ſaid Love, " the phœnix ſhe
" In whom at once theſe ſev'ral Charms agree,
" That phœnix ſhe the laurel crown ſhould have,
" And Love himſelf with pride become her ſlave."
He ſcarce had ſpoke, when, ſee!—Harmonia came;
Chance brought her there, and not deſire of fame,
Unknowing of the choice, till ſhe beheld
The god approach to crown her in the field.
Th' unwilling maid, with wondrous modeſty,
Diſclaim'd her right, and put the laurel by:
Warm bluſhes on her tender cheeks ariſe,
And double ſoftneſs beautify'd her eyes.

At this, more charm'd, "The rather I bestow,"
Said Love, "these honours you in vain forego:
"Take then the wreath, which you, victorious Fair!
"Have most deserv'd, yet least affect to wear."

SONNET.

"Je mourrai de trop de plaisir
"Si je la trouve favourable;
"Je mourrai de trop de desir
"Si je la trouve inexorable.

"Ainsi je ne sçaurois guerir
"De la douleur qui me possede;
"Je suis assuré de perir
"Par le mal, ou par le remede."

IN ENGLISH.

I die with too transporting joy
If she I love rewards my fire;
If she's inexorably coy
With too much passion I expire.

No way the Fates afford to shun
The cruel torment I endure;
Since I am doom'd to be undone
By the disease or by the cure.

ON DIVINE POETRY.

In Nature's Golden Age, when new-born Day
Array'd the ſkies, and earth was green and gay;
When God with pleaſure all his works ſurvey'd,
And Virgin-innocence before him play'd;
In that illuſtrious morn, that lovely ſpring,
The Muſe, by Heav'n inſpir'd, began to ſing;
Deſcending angels, in harmonious lays,
Taught the firſt happy pair their Maker's praiſe.
Such was this ſacred art—We now deplore
The Muſe's loſs, ſince Eden is no more.
When Vice from hell rear'd up its hydra-head,
Th' affrighted maid with chaſte Aſtræa fled,
And ſought protection in her native ſky;
In vain the Heathen Nine her abſence would ſupply.
  Yet to ſome few, whoſe dazzling virtues ſhone
In ages paſt, her heav'nly charms were known.
Hence learn'd the bard in lofty ſtrains to tell
How patient Virtue triumph'd over hell;
And hence the chief, who led the choſen race
Thro' parting ſeas, deriv'd his ſongs of praiſe:
She gave the rapt'rous ode, whoſe ardent lay
Sings female force, and vanquiſh'd Siſera;
She tun'd to pious notes the Pſalmiſt's lyre,
And fill'd Iſaiah's breaſt with more than Pindar's fire.

ON A PEACOCK,

FINELY CUT IN VELLUM

BY MOLINDA.

When Fancy did Molinda's hand invite,
Without the help of colour, ſhade, or light,
To form in vellum, ſpotleſs as her mind,
The faireſt image of the feather'd kind,
Nature herſelf a ſtrict attendance paid,
Charm'd with th' attainments of th' illuſtrious maid;
Inſpir'd her thought, and, ſmiling, ſaid, "I'll ſee
"How well this fair one's art can copy me."
  So to her fav'rite Titian once ſhe came,
To guide his pencil, and atteſt his fame,
With tranſport granting all that ſhe could give,
And bid his works to wond'ring ages live.
  Not with leſs tranſport here the goddeſs ſees
The curious piece advance by ſlow degrees;
At laſt ſuch ſkill in ev'ry part was ſhown,
It ſeem'd a new creation of her own:
She ſtarts to view the finiſh'd figure riſe,
And ſpread his ample train, enrich'd with eyes;
To ſee, with lively grace, his form expreſt,
The ſtately honours of his riſing creſt,
His comely wings, and his ſoft ſilky breaſt!
The leaves of creeping vines around him play,
And Nature's leaves leſs perfect ſeem than they.

O matchleſs Bird! whoſe race, with niceſt care,
Heav'n ſeems in pleaſure to have form'd ſo fair!
From whoſe gay plumes ev'n Phœbus with delight
Sees his own rays reflected doubly bright!
Tho' num'rous rivals of the wing there be
That ſhare our praiſe, when not compar'd to thee,
Soon as thy riſing glories ſtrike our eyes,
Their beauty ſhines no more, their luſtre dies:
So when Molinda, with ſuperior charms,
Dazzles the ring, and other nymphs diſarms,
To her the rallying Loves and Graces fly,
And, fixing there, proclaim the victory.
No wonder, then, ſince ſhe was born t' excel,
This bird's fair image ſhe deſcribes ſo well;
Happy, as in ſome temple, thus to ſtand
Immortaliz'd by her ſucceſsful hand.

ON LUCINDA'S TEA-TABLE.

POETS invoke, when they rehearſe
In happy ſtrains their pleaſing dreams,
Some Muſe unſeen to crown their verſe,
And boaſt of Heliconian ſtreams:

But here a real Muſe inſpires
(Who more reviving ſtreams imparts)
Our fancies with the poet's fires,
And with a nobler flame our hearts.

While from her hand each honour'd gueſt
Receives his cup with liquor crown'd,
He thinks 'tis Jove's immortal feaſt,
And Venus deals the nectar round.

As o'er each fountain, poets ſing,
Some lovely guardian-nymph has ſway,
Who from the conſecrated ſpring
Wild beaſts and Satyrs drives away;

So hither dares no ſavage preſs,
Who Beauty's ſov'reign pow'r defies;
All, drinking here, her charms confeſs,
Proud to be conquer'd by her eyes.

When Phœbus try'd his herbs in vain
On Hyacinth, had ſhe been there,
With tea ſhe would have cur'd the ſwain,
Who only then had dy'd for her.

January 1. 1701.

THE MARCH.

VICTORIA comes! ſhe leaves the forag'd groves:
Her flying camp of Graces and of Loves
Strike all their tents, and for the March prepare,
And to new ſcenes of triumph wait the fair.
Unlike the ſlaves which other warriors gain,
That loathe ſubjection, and would break their chain,

Her rural ſlaves their abſent victor mourn,
And wiſh not liberty, but her return.
The conquer'd countries droop while ſhe's away,
And ſlowly to the ſpring their contribution pay;
While cooing turtles, doubly now alone,
With their loſt loves another loſs bemoan.
Mean-time in peopled cities crowds preſs on,
And jealous ſeem who ſhall be firſt undone:
Victories, like Fame, before th' invader fly,
And lovers yet unſeeing haſte to die;
While ſhe, with careleſs unelated mind,
Hears daily conqueſts which ſhe ne'er deſign'd:
In her a ſoft yet cruel heart is found,
Averſe to cure, and vainly griev'd to wound.

WRITTEN IN A

LADY'S PRAYER-BOOK.

So fair a form with ſuch devotion join'd!
A virgin body and a ſpotleſs mind!
Pleas'd with her pray'rs, while Heav'n propitious ſees
The lovely vot'reſs on her bended knees,

Sure it muſt think ſome angel loſt its way,
And happ'ning on our wretched earth to ſtray,
Tir'd with our follies, fain would take its flight,
And begs to be reſtor'd to thoſe bleſs'd realms of light.

GREENWICH-PARK.

The Paphian iſle was once the bleſs'd abode
Of Beauty's goddeſs and her archer-god:
There bliſsful bow'rs and am'rous ſhades were ſeen,
Fair cypreſs walks, and myrtles ever green:
'Twas there, ſurrounded by a hallow'd wood,
Sacred to love, a ſplendid temple ſtood,
Where altars were with coſtly gums perfum'd,
And lovers' ſighs aroſe, and ſmoke from hearts con-
ſum'd;
Till, thence remov'd, the queen of Beauty flies
To Britain, fam'd for bright victorious eyes.
Here fix'd, ſhe choſe a ſweeter ſeat for Love,
And Greenwich-Park is now her Cyprian grove.
Nor fair Parnaſſus with this hill can vie,
Which gently ſwells into the wond'ring ſky,
Commanding all that can tranſport our ſight,
And varying with each view the freſh delight.
From hence my Muſe prepares to wing her way,
And wanton, like the Thames, thro' ſmiling meads
would ſtray,
Deſcribe the groves beneath, the ſylvan bow'rs,
The river's winding train, and great Auguſta's tow'rs.
But, ſee!—a living proſpect drawing near
At once tranſports, and raiſes awful fear;
Love's favourite band, ſelected to maintain
His choiceſt triumphs, and ſupport his reign.

Muſe! pay thy homage here—yet, oh! beware,
And draw the glorious ſcene with artful care,
For fooliſh praiſe is ſatire on the fair.
 Behold where bright Urania does advance,
And lightens thro' the trees with ev'ry glance!
A careleſs pleaſure in her air is ſeen;
Diana ſhines with ſuch a graceful mien
When in her darling woods ſhe 's feign'd to rove,
The chaſe purſuing, and avoiding Love:
At flying deer the goddeſs boaſts her aim,
But Cupid ſhews the nymph a nobler game.
Th' unerring ſhafts ſo various fly around,
'Tis hard to ſay which gives the deepeſt wound;
Or if with greater glory we ſubmit,
Pierc'd by her eyes, her humour, or her wit.
 See next her charming ſiſter, young and gay,
In beauty's bloom like the ſweet month of May!
The ſportful nymph once in the neighb'ring grove
Surpris'd by chance the ſleeping god of Love;
His head reclin'd upon a tuft of green,
And by him ſcatter'd lay his arrows bright and keen:
She ty'd his wings, and ſtole his wanton darts,
Then, laughing, wak'd the tyrant lord of hearts.
He ſmil'd—and ſaid—"'Tis well, inſulting Fair!
"Yet how you ſport with ſleeping Love beware.
"My loſs of darts I quickly can ſupply,
"Your looks ſhall triumph for Love's deity;

"And tho' you now my feeble pow'r diſdain,
"You once, perhaps may feel a lover's pain."
Tho' Helen's form and Cleopatra's charms,
The boaſt of fame, once kindled dire alarms,
Thoſe dazzling lights the world no more muſt view,
And ſcarce would think the bright deſcription true,
Did not that ray of beauty, more divine,
In Mira's eyes by tranſmigration ſhine:
Her ſhape, her air, proportion, lovely face,
And matchleſs ſkin, contend with rival grace;
And Venus' ſelf, proud of th' officious aid,
With all her charms adorns th' illuſtrious maid.
But hark!—what more than mortal ſounds are
theſe?
Be ſtill, ye whiſp'ring Winds and moving Trees!
A ſecond Mira does all hearts ſurpriſe,
At once victorious with her voice and eyes:
Her eyes alone can tend'reſt love inſpire,
Her heav'nly voice improves the young deſire.
So weſtern gales in fragrant gardens play
On buds produc'd by the ſun's quick'ning ray,[ſtay.
And ſpread them into life, and gently chide their
We court that ſkill by which we 're ſure to die;
The modeſt fair would fain our ſuit deny,
And ſings unwillingly, with trembling fear,
As if concern'd our ruin is ſo near:
So generous victors ſofteſt pity know,
And with reluctance ſtrike the fatal blow.

Engaging Cynthia 's arm'd with ev'ry grace;
Her lovely mind ſhines cheerful thro' her face,
A ſacred lamp in a fair cryſtal caſe:
Not Venus' ſtar, the brighteſt of the ſphere,
Smiles ſo ſerene, or caſts a light ſo clear.
O happy brother of this wondrous fair!
The beſt of ſiſters well deſerves thy care;
Her ſighing lovers, who in crowds adore,
Would wiſh thy place, did they not wiſh for more.
What angels are, when we deſire to know,
We form a thought by ſuch as ſhe below,
And thence conclude they 're bright beyond compare,
Compos'd of all that 's good and all that 's fair.
There yet remains unnam'd a dazzling throng
Of nymphs who to theſe happy ſhades belong.
O Venus! lovely queen of ſoft deſires!
For ever dwell where ſuch ſupply thy fires.
May virtue ſtill with beauty ſhare the ſway,
And the glad world with willing zeal obey!

UNDER THE PRINT OF TOM BRITTON,

THE MUSICAL SMALL-COAL MAN.

Tho' mean thy rank, yet in thy humble cell
Did gentle Peace and Arts unpurchas'd dwell.
Well pleas'd Apollo thither led his train,
And Muſic warbled in her ſweeteſt ſtrain.

Cyllenius ſo, as fables tell, and Jove,
Came willing gueſts to poor Philemon's grove.
Let uſeleſs Pomp behold, and bluſh to find
So low a ſtation, ſuch a lib'ral mind.

A FRAGMENT.

In ev'ry age, to brighter honours born,
Which lovelieſt nymphs and ſweeteſt bards adorn,
Beauty and wit each other's aid require,
And poets ſing what firſt the fair inſpire;
The fair for ever thus their charms prolong,
And live rewarded in the tuneful ſong.
Thus Sachariſſa ſhines in Waller's lays,
And ſhe who rais'd his genius ſhares his praiſe.
Each does in each a mutual life infuſe,
Th' inſpiring Beauty, the recording Muſe.

* * * * * * * * * * *

A FRAGMENT.

Promiscuous crowds, to worthleſs riches born,
Thy pencil paints, 't is true, yet paints with ſcorn.
Sometimes the fool, by Nature left half-made,
Mov'd by ſome happy inſtinct, aſks thy aid
To give his face to reaſon ſome pretence,
And raiſe his looks with ſupplemental ſenſe.

A THOUGHT IN A GARDEN.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1704.

DELIGHTFUL manſion! bleſs'd retreat!
Where all is ſilent, all is ſweet:
Here Contemplation prunes her wings,
The raptur'd Muſe more tuneful ſings,
While May leads on the cheerful hours,
And opens a new world of flow'rs.
Gay Pleaſure here all dreſſes wears,
And in a thouſand ſhapes appears.
Purſu'd by Fancy, how ſhe roves
Thro' airy walks and muſeful groves!
Springs in each plant and bloſſom'd tree,
And charms in all I hear and ſee!
In this Elyſium while I ſtray,
And Nature's faireſt face ſurvey,
Earth ſeems new-born, and life more bright,
Time ſteals away, and ſmooths his flight,
And thought 's bewilder'd in delight.
Where are the crowds I ſaw of late?
What are thoſe tales of Europe's fate?
Of Anjou and the Spaniſh crown,
And leagues to pull uſurpers down?
Of marching armies, diſtant wars;
Of factions and domeſtic jars?
Sure theſe are laſt night's dreams, no more,
Or ſome romance read lately o'er;

Like Homer's antique tale of Troy,
And pow'rs confed'rate to deſtroy
Priam's proud houſe, the Dardan name,
With him that ſtole the raviſh'd dame,
And, to poſſeſs another's right,
Durſt the whole world to arms excite.
Come, gentle Sleep! my eyelids cloſe,
Theſe dull impreſſions help me loſe:
Let Fancy take her wing, and find
Some better dream to ſooth my mind;
Or, waking, let me learn to live,
The proſpect will inſtruction give;
For ſee where beauteous Thames does glide
Serene, but with a fruitful tide;
Free from extremes of ebb and flow,
Not ſwell'd too high, nor ſunk too low:
Such let my life's ſmooth current be,
Till, from Times' narrow ſhore let free,
It mingle with th' eternal ſea,
And there enlarg'd, ſhall be no more
That trifling thing it was before.

A WISH

TO THE NEW YEAR 1705.

I.

JANUS! great leader of the rolling year,
Since all that's paſt no vows can e'er reſtore,

But joys and griefs alike, once [h]urry'd o'er,
No longer now deſerve a ſmile [o]r tear;
Cloſe the fantaſtic ſcenes—but grace
With brighteſt aſpects thy fore-face,
While Time's new offspring haſtens to appear.
With lucky omens guide the coming hours,
Command the circling ſeaſons to advance,
And form their renovated dance,
With flowing pleaſures fraught, and bleſs'd by friend-[ly pow'rs.

II.

Thy month, O Janus! gave me firſt to know
A mortal's trifling cares below:
My race of life began with thee.
Thus far, from great misfortunes free,
Contented I my lot endure,
Nor Nature's rigid laws araign,
Nor ſpurn at common ills in vain,
Which folly can[illegible]ſhun, nor wiſe reflection cure.

III.

But, oh!—more anxious for the year to come,
I would foreknow my future doom.
Then tell me, Janus! canſt thou ſpy
Events that yet in embryo lie
For me in Time's myſterious womb?
Tell me—nor ſhall I dread to hear
A thouſand accidents ſevere;
I'll fortify my ſoul the load to bear,
If love rejected add not to its weight,
To finiſh me in woes, and cruſh me down with fate.

IV.

But if the goddeſs, in whoſe charming eyes,
More clearly written than in Fate's dark book,
My joy, my grief, my all of future fortune lies;
If ſhe muſt, with a leſs propitious look,
Forbid my humble ſacrifice,
Or blaſt me with a killing frown;
If, Janus! this thou ſeeſt in ſtore,
Cut ſhort my mortal thread, and now
Take back the gift thou didſt beſtow:
Here let me lay my burthen down,
And ceaſe to love in vain, and be a wretch no more.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. MILLS,

At the Queen's Theatre, on his benefit-night, Feb. 16. 1709. a little before the Duke of Marlborough's going for Holland.

Whether our ſtage all others does excel
In ſtrength of wit, we'll not preſume to tell;
But this, with noble conſcious pride, we'll ſay,
No Theatre ſuch glories can diſplay,
Such worth conſpicuous, beauty ſo divine,
As in one Britiſh audience mingled ſhine.
Who can, without amazement, turn his ſight,
And mark the awful circle here to-night?

Warriors, with ever-living laurels, brought
From empires sav'd, from battles bravely fought,
Here sit, whose matchless story shall adorn
Scenes yet unwrit, and charm ev'n ages yet unborn.
Yet who would not expect such martial fire,
That sees what eyes those gallant deeds inspire?
Valour and Beauty still were Britain's claim;
Both are her great prerogatives of fame;
By both the Muses live, from both they catch their
 flame.
Then as by you, in solid glory bright,
Our envy'd Isle thro' Europe spreads her light,
And rising honours ev'ry year sustain,
And mark the golden track of Anne's distinguish'd reign;
So, by your presence here, we'll strive to raise
To nobler heights our action and our plays;
And poets from your favours shall derive
That immortality they boast to give.

WRITTEN IN A WINDOW

AT GREENHITHE.

Great president of light, and eye of day,
As thro' this glass you cast your visual ray,
And view, with nuptial joys, two brothers blest,
And see us celebrate the genial feast,
Confess that in your progress round the sphere
You've found the happiest youths and brightest beau-
 ties here.

ADVICE TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS INTENDED TRANSLATION OF

HOMER'S ILIAD, 1714.

O thou! who, with a happy genius born,
Canſt tuneful verſe in flowing numbers turn,
Crown'd on thy Windſor's plains with early bays,
Be early wiſe, nor truſt to barren praiſe.
Blind was the bard that ſung Achilles' rage;
He ſung and begg'd, and curs'd th' ungiving age.
If Britain his tranſlated ſong would hear,
Firſt take the gold—then charm the liſt'ning ear;
So ſhall thy father Homer ſmile to ſee
His penſion paid—tho' late, and paid to thee.

HYMN,

SUNG BY THE

CHILDREN OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL,

AT THE ENTRY OF

KING GEORGE INTO LONDON, 1714.

I.

Hear us, O God! this joyful day
Whole nations join their voice,
To thee united thanks to pay,
And in thy ſtrength rejoice.

II.

For, led by thee, O King of kings!
Our ſov'reign George we ſee;
Thy hand the royal bleſſing brings,
He comes, he reigns, by thee!

III.

Plenteous of Grace, pour from above
Thy favours on his head;
Truth, Mercy, Righteouſneſs, and Love,
As guards around him ſpread.

IV.

With length of days and glory crown'd,
With wealth and fair increaſe,
Let him abroad be far renown'd,
Still bleſs'd at home with peace.

WHAT IS MAN?

O son of Man! O creature of a day!
Proud of vain wiſdom, with falſe greatneſs gay!
Heir of thy father's vice, to whoſe bad ſtore
Thy guilty days are ſpent in adding more;
Thou propagated folly!—what in thee
Could Heav'ns Supreme, could perfect Wiſdom, ſee,
To fix one glance of his regarding eye?
Why art thou choſe the fav'rite of the ſky?
While angels wonder at the mercy known,
And ſcarce the wretch himſelf the debt immenſe will own!

THE FOLLOWING SUPPLEMENT AND CONCLUSION

To Mr. Milton's incomparable poem, entitled

IL PENSEROSO; OR, THE PENSIVE MAN,

WAS ALSO WRIT BY MR. HUGHES.

It ſeems neceſſary to quote the eight foregoing lines for the right underſtanding of it.

'And may at laſt my weary age
'Find out the peaceful hermitage,
'The hairy gown and moſſy cell,
'Where I may ſit, and rightly ſpell
'Of ev'ry ſtar that heav'n doth ſhew,
'And ev'ry herb that ſips the dew,
'Till old Experience do attain
'To ſomething like prophetic ſtrain.'
There let Time's creeping winter ſhed
His hoary ſnow around my head;
And while I feel, by faſt degrees,
My ſluggard blood wax chill, and freeze,
Let thought unveil to my fix'd eye
The ſcenes of deep eternity,
Till life diſſolving at the view,
I wake, and find thoſe viſions true.

THE PATRIOT.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

WILLIAM LORD COWPER,

LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

JAN. 25. 1717-18.

How godlike is the man, how truly great,
Who, 'midſt contending factions of the ſtate,
In council cool, in reſolution bold,
Nor brib'd by hopes, nor by mean fears controll'd,
And proof alike againſt both foes and friends,
Ne'er from the golden mean of virtue bends,
But wiſely fix'd, nor to extremes inclin'd,
Maintains the ſteady purpoſe of his mind!
So Atlas, pois'd on his broad baſe, defies
The ſhock of gath'ring ſtorms and wintry ſkies;
Above the clouds ſerene he lifts his brow,
And ſees, unmov'd, the thunder break below.
But where's the Patriot, by theſe virtues known,
Unſway'd by others' paſſions or his own?
Juſt to his prince, and to the public true,
That ſhuns, in all events, each partial view?
That ne'er forgets the whole of things to weigh,
And ſcorns the ſhort-liv'd wiſdom of a day?
If there be one—Hold, Muſe! nor more reveal—
(Yet oh that numbers could his name conceal!)
Thrice happy Britain, of ſuch wealth poſſeſt!
On thy firm throne, great George! unſhaken reſt;

Safe in his judgment, in his faith rely,
And prize the worth which kingdoms cannot buy!
Rich in itſelf the genuine diamond ſhines,
And owes its value to its native mines;
Yet ſet in Britain's crown drinks ampler rays
Of the ſun's light, and caſts a wider blaze.
With pleaſure we the well-plac'd gem behold
That adds a luſtre to the royal gold.

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF THE RIGHT HON.

THE L. CHANCELLOR PARKER.

JULY 23. 1719.

As Father Thames pours out his plenteous urn
O'er common tracts, with ſpeed his waters flow;
But where ſome beauteous palace does adorn
His banks, the river ſeems to move more ſlow;

As if he ſtopp'd a while, with conſcious pride,
Nor to the ocean would purſue his race,
Till he reflect its glories in his tide,
And call the water-nymphs around to gaze.

So in Time's common flood the huddled throng
Of months and hours unheeded paſs away,
Unleſs ſome gen'ral good our joy prolong,
And mark the moments of ſome feſtal day.

Not fair July, tho' plenty clothe his fields,
Tho' golden ſuns make all his mornings ſmile,
Can boaſt of aught that ſuch a triumph yields,
As that he gave a Parker to our iſle.

Hail, happy month! ſecure of laſting fame;
Doubly diſtinguiſh'd thro' the circling year:
In Rome a hero gave thee firſt thy name,
A Patriot's birth makes thee to Britain dear.

THE MORNING APPARITION.

WRITTEN AT WALLINGTON-HOUSE, IN SURREY, THE SEAT OF MR. BRIDGES.

All things were huſh'd, as noiſe itſelf were dead;
No midnight mice ſtirr'd round my ſilent bed;
Not ev'n a gnat diſturb'd the peace profound;
Dumb o'er my pillow hung my watch unwound;
No ticking death-worm told a fancy'd doom,
Nor hidden cricket chirrup'd in the room;
No breeze the caſement ſhook or fann'd the leaves,
Nor drops of rain fell ſoft from off the eaves;
Nor noiſy ſplinter made the candle weep,
But the dim watchlight ſeem'd itſelf aſleep:
When tir'd I cloſ'd my eyes—How long I lay
In ſlumber wrapp'd I liſt not now to ſay;

When, hark! a ſudden noiſe—See! open flies
The yielding door—I, ſtarting, rubb'd my eyes,
Faſt clos'd a while; and as their lids I rear'd,
Full at my feet a tall thine form appear'd,
While thro' my parted curtains ruſhing broke
A light like day ere yet the figure ſpoke.
Cold ſweat bedew'd my limbs—nor did I dream.
Hear, mortals! hear; for real truth 's my theme.
And now, more bold, I rais'd my trembling bones
To look—when, lo! 't was honeſt Maſter Jones *,
Who wav'd his hand, to baniſh fear and ſorrow,
Well charg'd with toaſt and ſack, and cry'd "Good-
"morrow!"

WRITTEN IN A WINDOW AT

WALLINGTON-HOUSE,

THEN THE SEAT OF

MRS. ELIZABETH BRIDGES, 1719.

Envy! if thy ſearching eye
Thro' this window chance to pry,
To thy ſorrow thou ſhalt find
All that 's gen'rous, friendly, kind,
Goodneſs, virtue, ev'ry grace,
Dwelling in this happy place:
Then if thou wouldſt ſhun this ſight,
Hence for ever take thy flight.

* The butler.

THE SUPPLEMENT:

OR, A PICTURE IN VERSE.

THE CHARACTER OF

MRS. ELIZABETH BRIDGES *.

IMPERFECT.

PAINTER! give o'er; here ends thy feeble art;
For how wilt thou deſcribe th' immortal part?
Tho' Kneller's or tho' Raphael's ſkill were thine,
Or Titian's colours on the cloth did ſhine,
The labour'd piece muſt yet half-finiſh'd ſtand,
And mock the weakneſs of the maſter's hand.
Colours are but the phantoms of the day;
With that they 're born, with that they fade away;
Like beauty's charms, they but amuſe the ſight,
Dark in themſelves, till, by reflection bright,
With the ſun's aid to rival him they boaſt;
But light withdrawn in their own ſhades are loſt.
Then what are theſe t' expreſs the living fire,
The lamp within, that never can expire?
That work can only by the Muſe be wrought;
Souls muſt paint ſouls, and thought delineate thought.
Then, Painter-Muſe, begin, and unconfin'd
Draw boldly firſt a large extent of mind:
Yet not a barren waſte, an empty ſpace,
For crowds of virtues fill up all the place.

* She died Dec. 1. 1745, aged eighty-eight. See ſome verſes to her memory in Mrs. Tollet's poems, p. 139.

See! o'er the reſt fair Piety preſides,
As the bright ſun th' inferior planets guides;
To the ſoul's pow'rs, a vital heat ſupplies,
And hence a thouſand worthy habits riſe:
So when that genial father of the ſpring
Smiles on the meads, and wakes the birds to ſing,
And from the heav'nly Bull his influence ſheds
On the parterres and fruitful garden-beds,
A thouſand beauteous births ſhoot up to ſight,
A thouſand buds unfolding meet the light;
Each uſeful plant does the rich earth adorn,
And all the flow'ry univerſe is born.
O! could my verſe deſcribe this ſacred queen,
This firſt of virtues, awful, yet ſerene,
Plain in her native charms, nor too ſevere,
Free from falſe zeal and ſuperſtitious fear;
Such and ſo bright, as by th' effects we find
She dwells in this ſelected happy mind,
The ſource of ev'ry good ſhould ſtand confeſt,
And all who ſee applaud the heav'n-born gueſt!
Proceed, my Muſe! next in the Picture place
Diffuſive charity to human race.
Juſtice thou need'ſt not in the draught expreſs,
Since ev'ry greater ſtill includes the leſs.
What were the praiſe if Virtue idly ſtood,
Content alike to do nor harm nor good?
Tho' ſhunning ill, unactive and ſupine,
Like painted ſuns, that warm not while they ſhine?

The nobler ſoul ſuch narrow life diſdains,
Flows out, and meets another's joys and pains,
Taſteleſs of bleſſings, if poſſeſs'd alone,
And in imparted pleaſures ſeeks its own.
Hence grows the ſenſe of friendſhip's gen'rous fires,
Hence liberality the heart inſpires;
Hence ſtreams of good in conſtant actions flow,
And man to man becomes a god below.
  A ſoul thus form'd, and ſuch a ſoul is here,
Needs not the dang'rous teſt of riches fear,
But, unſubdu'd to wealth, may ſafely ſtand,
And count o'er heaps with an unſully'd hand.
Heav'n that knew this, and where t'intruſt its ſtore,
And bleſſing one oft' bleſſes many more,
Firſt gave a will to give, then fitly join'd
A lib'ral fortune to a lib'ral mind.
With ſuch a graceful eaſe her bounty flows,
She gives, and ſcarce that ſhe's the giver knows,
But ſeems receiving moſt when ſhe the moſt be-
    ſtows.
Rich in herſelf, well may ſhe value more
Her wealth within, the mind's immortal ſtore;
Paſſions ſubdu'd, and knowledge free from pride,
Good humour, ever to good ſenſe ally'd,
Well-ſeaſon'd mirth, and wiſdom unſevere,
An equal temper, and a heart ſincere;
Gifts that alone from Nature's bounty flow,
Which Fortune may diſplay, but not beſtow;

For wealth but ſets the Picture more in ſight,
And brings the beauties or the faults to light.
How true th' eſteem that's founded in deſert!
How pleaſing is the tribute of the heart!
Here willing duty ne'er was paid in vain,
And ev'n Dependence cannot feel its chain;
Yet whom ſhe thus ſets free ſhe cloſer binds,
(Affection is the chain of grateful minds)
And, doubly bleſſing her adopted care,
Makes them her virtues with her fortune ſhare;
Leads by example, and by kindneſs guards,
And raiſes firſt the merit ſhe rewards.
  Oft', too, abroad ſhe caſts a friendly eye,
As ſhe would help to ev'ry need ſupply.
The poor near her almoſt their cares forget;
Their want but ſerves as hunger to their meat;
For ſince her ſoul is ally'd to human kind,
Not to her houſe alone her ſtore's confin'd,
But paſſing on, its own full banks o'erflows,
Enlarg'd, and deals forth plenty as it goes.
Thro' ſome fair garden thus a river leads
Its wat'ry wealth, and firſt th' encloſure feeds,
Viſits each plant, and ev'ry flow'r ſupplies;
Or, taught in ſportive fountains to ariſe,
Caſts ſprinkled ſhow'rs o'er ev'ry figur'd green,
Or in canals walks round the beauteous ſcene,
Yet ſtops not there, but its free courſe maintains,
And ſpreads gay verdure thro' th' adjacent plains;

The lab'ring hinds with pleaſure ſee it flow,
And bleſs thoſe ſtreams by which their paſtures grow.
O gen'rous uſe of pow'r! O virtuous pride!
Ne'er may the means be to ſuch ſouls deny'd,
Executors of Heav'n's all-bounteous will,
Who well the great Firſt-giver's ends fulfil,
Who from ſuperior heights ſtill looking down
On glitt'ring heaps, which ſcarce they think their own,
Deſpiſe the empty ſhow of uſeleſs ſtate,
And only would by doing good be great!
Now pauſe a while, my Muſe! and then renew
The pleaſing taſk, and take a ſecond view.

* *
* *

A train of Virtues yet undrawn appear;
Here juſt Economy, ſtrict Prudence there;
Near Liberality they ever ſtand;
This guides her judgment, that directs her hand.
By theſe ſee wild Profuſion chas'd away,
And wanton Luxury, like birds of prey;
Whilſt meek Humility, with charms ſerene,
Forbids vain Pomp t' approach the hallow'd ſcene;
Yet thro' her veil the more attracts the ſight,
And on her ſiſter-virtues caſts a light.
But wherefore ſtarts the Painter-Muſe? and why,
The piece unfiniſh'd, throws the pencil by?
"Methinks," ſhe ſays, "Humility I hear,
"With gentle voice reproving, cry—Forbear!

" Forbear, raſh Muſe! nor longer now commend,
" Leſt whom thou wouldſt deſcribe thou ſhouldſt offend,
" And in her breaſt a painful glowing raiſe,
" Who, conſcious of the merit, ſhuns the praiſe."

THE TOASTERS.

While circling healths inſpire your ſprightly wit,
And on each glaſs ſome beauty's praiſe is writ,
You aſk, my friends, how can my ſilent Muſe
To Montague's ſoft name a verſe refuſe?
Bright tho' ſhe be, of race victorious ſprung,
By wits ador'd, and by court-poets ſung,
Unmov'd I hear her perſon call'd divine,
I ſee her features uninſpiring ſhine;
A ſofter fair my ſoul to tranſport warms,
And, ſhe once nam'd, no other nymph has charms.

TOFTS AND MARGARETTA.

Music has learn'd the diſcords of the ſtate,
And concerts jar with Whig and Tory hate.
Here Somerſet and Devonſhire attend
The Britiſh Tofts, and ev'ry note commend,
To native merit juſt, and pleas'd to ſee
We 'ave Roman arts, from Roman bondage free;
There fam'd L'Epine does equal ſkill employ,
While liſt'ning peers crowd to th' ecſtatic joy;
Bedford to hear her ſong his dice forſakes,
And Nottingham is raptur'd when ſhe ſhakes:

Lull'd ſtateſmen melt away their drowſy cares
Of England's ſafety in Italian airs.
Who would not ſend each year blank paſſes o'er,
Rather than keep ſuch ſtrangers from our ſhore?

THE WANDERING BEAUTY.

I.

The Graces and the wand'ring Loves
Are fled to diſtant plains,
To chaſe the Fawns, or deep in groves
To wound admiring ſwains.
With their bright miſtreſs there they ſtray,
Who turns her careleſs eyes
From daily triumphs; yet each day
Beholds new triumphs in her way,
And conquers while ſhe flies.

II.

But, ſee! implor'd by moving pray'rs,
To change the lover's pain,
Venus her harneſs'd doves prepares,
And brings the fair again.
Proud mortals, who this maid purſue,
Think you ſhe 'll e'er reſign?
Ceaſe, fools! your wiſhes to renew,
Till ſhe grows fleſh and blood like you,
Or you, like her, divine.

ON A COLLAR

PRESENTED FOR

HAPPY GILL, 1712.

Thou little fav'rite of the fair!
When thou theſe golden bands ſhall wear,
The hand that binds them ſoftly kiſs,
With conſcious joy, and own thy bliſs.
Proud of his chain, who would not be
A ſlave to gain her ſmiles like thee?

THE CHARACTER

OF THE

LADY HENRIETTA CAVENDISH HOLLES *.

1712-13.

Such early wiſdom, ſuch a lovely face,
Such modeſt greatneſs, ſuch attractive grace!
Wit, beauty, goodneſs, charity, and truth,
The riper ſenſe of age, the bloom of youth!
Whence is it, that in one fair piece we find
Theſe various beauties of the female kind?
Sure but in one ſuch diff'rent charms agree,
And Henrietta is that phœnix-ſhe.

* This lady, alſo celebrated by Mr. Prior in a beautiful ode called Colin's Miſtake, was afterwards married to Edward Earl of Oxford, and was mother of the preſent Ducheſs Dowager of Portland.

TRUTH, HONOUR, HONESTY.

THE MOTTO CHOSEN BY THE RIGHT HON.

THE LADY HEN. CAVENDISH HOLLES.

In thee, bright Maid! tho' all the virtues ſhine
With rival beams, and ev'ry grace is thine,
Yet three, diſtinguiſh'd by thy early voice,
Excite our praiſe, and well deſerve thy choice.

Immortal Truth in heav'n itſelf diſplays
Her charms celeſtial born, and pureſt rays,
Which thence in ſtreams, like golden ſunſhine, flow,
And ſhed their light on minds like your's below.

Fair Honour, next in beauty and in grace,
Shines in her turn, and claims the ſecond place:
She fills the well-born ſoul with noble fires,
And gen'rous thoughts and godlike acts inſpires.

Then Honeſty, with native air, ſucceeds;
Plain is her look, unartful are her deeds;
And, juſt alike to friends and foes, ſhe draws
The bounds of right and wrong, nor errs from equal laws.
From heav'n this ſcale of virtues thus deſcends
By juſt degrees, and thy full choice defends.

So when, in viſionary trains, by night
Attending angels bleſs'd good Jacob's ſight,
The myſtic ladder thus appear'd to riſe,
Its foot on earth, its ſummit in the ſkies.

THE HUE AND CRY.

OYES!—Hear, all ye beaus and wits,
Muſicians, poets, 'ſquires, and cits;
All who in town or country dwell!
Say, can you tale or tidings tell
Of Tortorella's haſty flight?
Why in new groves ſhe takes delight,
And if in concert, or alone,
The cooing murm'rer makes her moan?
  Now learn the marks by which you may
Trace out and ſtop the lovely ſtray.
  Some wit, more folly, and no care,
Thoughtleſs her conduct, free her air;
Gay, ſcornful, ſober, indiſcreet,
In whom all contradictions meet;
Civil, affronting, peeviſh, eaſy,
Form'd both to charm you and diſpleaſe you;
Much want of judgment, none of pride;
Modiſh her dreſs, her hoop full wide;
Brown ſkin, her eyes of ſable hue;
Angel when pleas'd, when vex'd a ſhrew.

Genteel her motion when ſhe walks;
Sweetly ſhe ſings, and loudly talks;
Knows all the world, and its affairs;
Who goes to court, to plays, to prayers;
Who keeps, who marries, fails, or thrives,
Leads honeſt or diſhoneſt lives;
What money match'd each youth or maid,
And who was at each maſquerade;
Of all fine things in this fine Town
She 's only to herſelf unknown.
By this deſcription, if you meet her,
With lowly bows and homage greet her;
And if you bring the vagrant beauty
Back to her mother and her duty,
Aſk for reward a lover's bliſs,
And (if ſhe 'll let you) take a kiſs;
Or more, if more you wiſh and may,
Try if at church the words ſhe 'll ſay,
Then make her, if you can—" obey."

EPISTLES.

TO MR. CONSTANTINE,

ON HIS PAINTINGS.

WHILE o'er the cloth thy happy pencil ſtrays,
And the pleas'd eye its artful courſe ſurveys,
Behold the magic pow'r of ſhade and light
A new creation opens to our ſight.
Here tufted groves riſe boldly to the ſky,
There ſpacious lawns more diſtant charm the eye;
The cryſtal lakes in borrow'd tinctures ſhine,
And miſty hills the far horizon join,
Loſt in the azure borders of the day,
Like ſounds remote, that die in air away.
The peopled proſpect various pleaſure yields,
Sheep grace the hills, and herds or ſwains the fields;
Harmonious Order o'er the whole preſides,
And Nature crowns the work which Judgment guides.
Nor with leſs ſkill diſplay'd by thee appear
The diff'rent products of the fertile year,
While fruits with imitated ripeneſs glow,
And ſudden flow'rs beneath thy pencil blow.
Such and ſo various thy extenſive hand,
Oft' in ſuſpenſe the pleas'd ſpectators ſtand,

Doubtful to chuſe, and fearing ſtill to err,
When to thyſelf they would thyſelf prefer.
So when the rival gods at Athens ſtrove,
By wondrous works their pow'r divine to prove,
As Neptune's trident ſtrook the teeming earth,
Here the proud horſe upſtarted to his birth;
And there, as Pallas bleſs'd the fruitful ſcene,
The ſpreading olive rear'd its ſtately green;
In dumb ſurpriſe the gazing crowds were loſt,
Nor knew on which to fix their wonder moſt.

TO URANIA,

ON HER ARRIVAL AT JAMAICA, 1715.

THRO' yielding waves the veſſel ſwiftly flies
That bears Urania from our eager eyes;
A prize more rich than Spain's whole fleets could boaſt
From fam'd Peru, or Chili's golden coaſt:
Deaf to our call, the billows waft her o'er,
With ſpeed obſequious, to a diſtant ſhore;
There the glad natives, on the crowded ſtrand,
With wonder ſee the matchleſs ſtranger land;
Tranſported glories in her features ſmile,
And a new dawn of beauty gilds their iſle.
So from the ſea when Venus roſe ſerene,
And by the Nymphs and Tritons firſt was ſeen,
The wat'ry world beheld, with pleas'd ſurpriſe,
O'er its wide waſte new tracks of light ariſe;

The winds were huſh'd, the floods forgot to move,
And Nature own'd th' auſpicious queen of Love.
  Henceforth no more the Cyprian iſle be nam'd,
Tho' for th' abode of that bright goddeſs fam'd;
Jamaica's happier groves, conceal'd ſo long
Thro' ages paſt, are now the poets' ſong:
The Graces there and Virtues fix their throne;
Urania makes th' adopted land her own.
  The Muſe, with her in thought tranſported, ſees
The op'ning ſcene, the bloomy plants and trees,
By brighter ſkies rais'd to a nobler birth,
And fruits deny'd to Europe's colder earth.
At her approach, like courtiers doubly gay,
To grace the pomp of ſome lov'd prince's day,
The gladden'd ſoil in all its plenty ſhines,
New ſpreads its branching palms, and new adorns its pines;
With gifts prepares the ſhining gueſt to meet,
And pours its verdant off'rings at her feet.
As in the fields with pleaſure ſhe appears,
Smiles on the lab'rers, and their labours cheers,
The luſcious canes with ſweeter juices flow,
The melons ripen, and the citrons blow,
The golden orange takes a richer dye,
And ſlaves forget their toil while ſhe is by.
Not Ceres' ſelf more bleſſings could diſplay,
When thro' the earth ſhe took her wand'ring way,
Far from her native coaſt, and all around
Diffus'd ripe harveſts thro' the teeming ground.

Mean-while our drooping vales deſerted mourn,
Till happy years bring on her wiſh'd return;
New honours then, Urania! ſhall be thine,
And Britain ſhall again the world outſhine.
So when of late our ſun was veil'd from ſight
In dark eclipſe, and loſt in ſudden night,
A ſhiv'ring cold each heart with horror thrill'd,
The birds forſook the ſkies, the herds the field;
But when the conqu'ring orb, with one bright ray,
Broke thro' the gloom, and reinthron'd the day,
The herds reviv'd, the birds renew'd their ſtrains,
Unuſual tranſports rais'd the cheerful ſwains,
And joy returning echo'd thro' the plains.

TO OCTAVIA INDISPOSED.

Around your couch while ſighing lovers view
Wit, beauty, goodneſs, ſuff'ring all in you,
So mournful is the ſcene, 't is hard to tell
Which face betrays the ſick, or who is well.
They feel not their own pains while your's they ſhare,
Worſe tortur'd now than lately by deſpair.
For bleeding veins a like relief is found,
When iron red-hot by burning ſtops the wound.
“ Grant, Heav'n!” they cry, “ this moment our de-
“ To ſee her well, tho' we the next expire.” [ſire

TO A BEAUTIFUL LADY,

PLAYING ON THE ORGAN.

When fam'd Cæcilia on the Organ play'd,
And fill'd with moving ſounds the tuneful frame,
Drawn by the charm, to hear the ſacred maid
From heav'n, 'tis ſaid, a liſt'ning angel came.

Thus ancient legends would our faith abuſe;
In vain—for were the bold tradition true,
While your harmonious touch that charm renews,
Again the ſeraph would appear to you.

O happy fair! in whom, with pureſt light,
Virtue's united beams with beauties ſhine!
Should heav'nly gueſts deſcend to bleſs our ſight,
What form more lovely could they wear than thine?

TO A PAINTER.

Painter! if thou canſt ſafely gaze
On all the wonders of that face;
If thou haſt charms to guard a heart
Secure by ſecrets of thy art;
O! teach the mighty charm, that we
May gaze ſecurely too, like thee.
Canſt thou Love's brighteſt lightning draw,
Which none e'er yet unwounded ſaw?

To what then wilt thou next aspire,
Unless to imitate Jove's fire?
Which is a less advent'rous pride,
Tho' 't was for that Salmoneus dy'd.
That beauteous, that victorious fair,
Whose chains so many lovers wear,
Who with a look can arts infuse,
Create a Painter or a Muse;
Whom crowds with awful rapture view;
She sits serene, and smiles on you!
Your genius, thus inspir'd, will soar
To wondrous heights unknown before,
And to her beauty you will own
Your future skill and fix'd renown.
  So when of old great Ammon's son,
Adorn'd with spoils in battle won,
In graceful picture chose to stand,
The work of fam'd Apelles' hand;
"Exert thy fire," the monarch said,
"Now be thy boldest strokes display'd,
"To let admiring nations see
"Their dreaded victor drawn by thee;
"To others thou may'st life impart,
"But I'll immortalize thy art!"

TO THE AUTHOR OF

FATAL FRIENDSHIP,

A TRAGEDY, 1698.

As when Camilla once, a warlike dame,
In bloody battles won immortal fame,
Forſook her female arts, and choſe to bear
The pond'rous ſhield and heave the maſſy ſpear,
Superior to her ſex; ſo ſwift ſhe flew
Around the field, and ſuch vaſt numbers flew,
That friends and foes, alike ſurpris'd, behold
The brave virago deſperately bold,
And thought her Pallas in a human mould.
Such is our wonder, matchleſs Maid! to ſee
The tragic laurel thus deſerv'd by thee.
Still greater praiſe is your's; Camilla ſhines
For ever bright in Virgil's ſacred lines,
You in your own.—
Nor need you to another's bounty owe
For what yourſelf can on yourſelf beſtow;
So monarchs, in full health, are wont to rear,
At their own charge, their future ſepulchre.
Who thy perfections fully would commend,
Muſt think how others their vain hours miſpend,
In trifling viſits, pride, impertinence,
Dreſs, dancing, and diſcourſe devoid of ſenſe;

To twirl a fan, to pleaſe ſome fooliſh beau,
And ſing an empty ſong, the moſt they know:
In body weak, more impotent of mind.
Thus ſome have repreſented womankind,
But you, your ſex's champion, are come forth
To fight their quarrel, and aſſert their worth:
Our Salic law of wit you have deſtroy'd,
Eſtabliſh'd female claim, and triumph'd o'er our pride.
While we look on, and with repining eyes
Behold you bearing off ſo rich a prize,
Spite of ill-nature we are forc'd t' approve
Such dazzling charms, and ſpite of envy love.
   Nor is this all th' applauſe that is your due;
You ſtand the firſt of ſtage-reformers too:
No vicious ſtrains pollute your moral ſcene;
Chaſte are your thoughts, and your expreſſion clean:
Strains ſuch as your's the ſtricteſt teſt will bear;
Sing boldly then, nor buſy cenſure fear;
Your virgin voice offends no virgin ear.
Proceed in tragic numbers to diſcloſe
Strange turns of fate and unexpected woes.
Reward and puniſh; awfully diſpenſe
Heav'n's judgments, and declare a Providence.
Nor let the comic Muſe your labours ſhare,
'Tis meanneſs, after this, the ſock to wear:
Tho' that too merit praiſe, 't is nobler toil
T' extort a tear than to provoke a ſmile.

What hand, that can deſign a hiſtory,
Would copy lowland boors at Snic-a-Snee?
Accept this tribute, Madam, and excuſe
The haſty raptures of a ſtranger Muſe.

TO MOLINDA.

Th' inſpiring Muſes and the god of Love
Which moſt ſhould grace the fair Molinda ſtrove;
Love arm'd her with his bow and keeneſt darts,
The Muſes more enrich'd her mind with arts.
Tho' Greece in ſhining temples heretofore
Did Venus and Minerva's pow'rs adore,
The Ancients thought no ſingle goddeſs fit
To reign at once o'er beauty and o'er wit;
Each was a ſep'rate claim; till now we find
The diff'rent titles in Molinda join'd.
From hence, when at the court, the Park, the play,
She gilds the ev'ning, or improves the day;
All eyes regard her with tranſporting fire;
One ſex with envy burns, and one with fierce deſire.
But when, withdrawn from public ſhow and noiſe,
In ſilent works her fancy ſhe employs,
A ſmiling train of Arts around her ſtand,
And court improvement from her curious hand.
She, their bright patroneſs, o'er all preſides,
And with like ſkill the pen and needle guides;

By this we ſee gay ſilken landſcapes wrought,
By that the landſcape of a beauteous thought.
Whether her voice in tuneful airs ſhe moves,
Or cuts diſſembled flow'rs and paper groves,
Her voice tranſports the ear with ſoft delight,
Her flow'rs and groves ſurpriſe the raviſh'd ſight,
Which ev'n to Nature's wonders we prefer,
All but that wonder Nature form'd in her.

A LETTER

TO A FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

Whilst thou art happy in a bleſs'd retreat,
And, free from care, doſt rural ſongs repeat;
Whilſt fragrant air fans thy poetic fire,
And pleaſant groves with ſprightly notes inſpire,
(Groves whoſe receſſes and refreſhing ſhade
Indulge th' invention, and the judgment aid)
I, 'midſt the ſmoke and clamours of the Town,
That choke my Muſe, and weigh my fancy down,
Paſs my unactive hours———
In ſuch an air how can ſoft numbers flow,
Or in ſuch ſoil the ſacred laurel grow?
All we can boaſt of the poetic fire
Are but ſome ſparks that ſoon as born expire.
Hail happy Woods! harbours of peace and joy!
Where no black cares the mind's repoſe deſtroy;

Where grateful ſilence unmoleſted reigns,
Aſſiſts the muſe, and quickens all her ſtrains.
Such were the ſcenes of our firſt parents' love;
In Eden's groves with equal flames they ſtrove,
While warbling birds, ſoft whiſp'ring breaths of wind,
And murm'ring ſtreams, to grace their nuptials join'd.
All Nature ſmil'd; the plains were freſh and green,
Unſtain'd the fountains, and the heav'ns ſerene.
    Ye bleſs'd remains of that illuſtrious age!
Delightful ſprings and woods!—
Might I with you my peaceful days live o'er,
You, and my friend, whoſe abſence I deplore,
Calm as a gentle brook's unruffled tide
Should the delicious flowing minutes glide;
Diſcharg'd of care, on unfrequented plains,
We'd ſing of rural joys in rural ſtrains.
No falſe corrupt delights our thoughts ſhould move,
But joys of friendſhip, poetry, and love.
While others fondly feed ambition's fire,
And to the top of human ſtate aſpire,
That from their airy eminence they may
With pride and ſcorn th' inferior world ſurvey,
Here we ſhould dwell obſcure, yet happier far than
    they.

TO MR. ADDISON,

ON HIS TRAGEDY OF CATO.

Tho' Cato ſhines in Virgil's epic ſong,
Preſcribing laws among th' Elyſian throng;
Tho' Lucan's verſe, exalted by his name,
O'er gods themſelves has rais'd the hero's fame;
The Roman ſtage did ne'er his image ſee
Drawn at full length, a taſk reſerv'd for thee.
By thee we view the finiſh'd figure riſe,
And awful march before our raviſh'd eyes;
We hear his voice aſſerting virtue's cauſe;
His fate renew'd our deep attention draws,
Excites by turns our various hopes and fears,
And all the patriot in thy ſcene appears.
On Tiber's banks thy thought was firſt inſpir'd;
'Twas there to ſome indulgent grove retir'd,
Rome's ancient fortunes rolling in thy mind,
Thy happy Muſe this manly work deſign'd;
Or in a dream thou ſaw'ſt Rome's genius ſtand,
And leading Cato in his ſacred hand,
Point out th' immortal ſubject of thy lays,
And aſk this labour to record his praiſe.
'Tis done—the hero lives, and charms our age,
While nobler morals grace the Britiſh ſtage.
Great Shakeſpeare's ghoſt, the ſolemn ſtrain to hear,
(Methinks I ſee the laurell'd ſhade appear!)

Will hover o'er the ſcene, and, wond'ring, view
His fav'rite Brutus rivall'd thus by you.
Such Roman greatneſs in each action ſhines,
Such Roman eloquence adorns your lines,
That ſure the Sibyls' books this year foretold,
And in ſome myſtic leaf was found enroll'd,
" Rome, turn thy mournful eyes from Afric's ſhore,
" Nor in her ſands thy Cato's tomb explore!
" When thrice ſix hundred times the circling ſun
" His annual race ſhall thro' the zodiac run,
" An iſle remote his monument ſhall rear,
" And ev'ry gen'rous Briton pay a tear."

TO A LADY,

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

Two ſhining maids this happy work diſplays;
Each moves our rapture, both divide our praiſe:
In Marcia we her godlike father trace,
While Lucia triumphs with each ſofter grace.
One ſtrikes with awe, and one gives chaſte delight;
That bright as lightning, this ſerene as light:
Yet by the Muſe the ſhadow'd forms were wrought,
And both are creatures of the poet's thought.
  In her that animates theſe lines we view
The wonder greater, the deſcription true;
Each living virtue, ev'ry grace combin'd,
And Marcia's worth with Lucia's ſweetneſs join'd.

Had ſhe been born ally'd to Cato's name,
Numidia's prince had felt a real flame,
And, pouring his reſiſtleſs troops from far,
With bolder deeds had turn'd the doubtful war;
Cæſar had fled before his conqu'ring arms,
And Roman Muſes ſung her beauty's charms.

MASKS.

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

A MASK.

SET TO MUSIC BY DR. PEPUSCH.

And performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY LANE.

Protinus alter amat, fugit altera nomen amantis. OVID.

Dramatis Personae.

APOLLO,	Mrs. *Margarita.*
DAPHNE,	Mrs. *Barbier.*
PENEUS,	Mr. *Turner.*
DORIS,	Mrs. *Willis.*

SCENE, *The valley of* Tempe *in* Thessaly.

The first SCENE *is a river.* Peneus, *a river-god, appears on a bed of rushes, leaning on his urn: he rises, and comes forward, his head crowned with rushes and flowers, a reed in his hand.*

PENEUS.

How long must Peneus chide in vain
His daughter's coyness and disdain?
Thro' Tempe's pleasant vales and bow'rs
As my full urn its current pours,

In ev'ry plain, from ev'ry grove,
I hear the ſighs of ſlighted love,
And on my ruſhy banks the Sylvans cry,
"Why ever cruel, Daphne! why?"
But ſee, ſhe comes, the beauteous cauſe;
Daphne, my juſt commands attend;
Hear me, thy father and thy friend,
And yield at laſt to Love and Hymen's laws.

DAPH. O Peneus! urge this cruel ſuit no more.
Have I not to Diana ſwore?
Behold again to her I bow,
Devoted ever to remain
A virgin of her ſpotleſs train;
Hear, Cynthia! and confirm my vow.

"How happy are we,
"How airy, how free,
"That rove thro' the woods and the plains!
"In vain the blind boy
"Our hearts would decoy,
"We ſcorn all his joys and his pains." [*Exit* Daphne.

PENEUS. Raſh Maid! return———
What haſt thou ſworn?
With thee ſhall Peneus' race expire?
Then hear once more thy ſlighted ſire,
And know thy fatal vow draws down
The curſe of Heav'n, a father's frown,
And ſure deſtruction waits thy ſcorn.

" Feeble Cupid, vain deceiver!
" What avails thy boaſted quiver?
" Where are all thy conqu'ring arts?
" They that fly thee
" May defy thee;
" They who fear thee
" And revere thee
" Ever meet thy keeneſt darts." [*Exit* Peneus.

SCENE *changes to a Foreſt.*

APOLLO *enters with his bow and arrows, as having newly ſlain the Python.*

APOL. 'Tis done—the monſter Python, ſlain
By Phœbus' ſhafts, lies breathleſs on the plain.
Yet why with conqueſt am I thus adorn'd?
Alas! I feel a mortal's pain,
Conquer'd by Love, whom once I ſcorn'd.
O Daphne! till thy ſmiles I can obtain,
No more theſe marks of triumph let me bear,
But thus a ſhepherd's ſemblance wear,
Till bleſs'd by thee I grow a god again.
[*Throws away his bow and arrows, and takes up a ſheep-hook.*
See—She appears; how wondrous fair!
Hail goddeſs of theſe verdant groves!
DAPH. What art thou, or from whence?
APOL. A ſwain that loves.

DAPH. Thy unavailing courtſhip ſpare.
Doſt thou not daily hear the ſhepherd cry,
"Why ever cruel, Daphne! why?"
Go—with the reſt deſpair.

APOL. No, let the reſt deſpair, while I,
Diſtinguiſh'd, triumph in the joy.

"Fair blooming creature!
"Each tender feature
"Speaks thee by Nature
"For love deſign'd.
"Then ſmile conſenting,
"Loſt time repenting;
"Let ſoft relenting
"Now ſhew thee kind."

DAPH. Canſt thou the mountain tiger bind,
Or ſtop the floods, or fix the wind?
Do this—then Daphne will perhaps be kind.

APOL. Ev'n tigers Love's ſoft laws obey;
Art thou more ſavage far than they?
Look all around thee, and above,
Love lights the ſkies, and paints the meads;
Its genial flame
Thro' heav'n, and earth, and ocean, ſpreads:
Thou art thyſelf the happieſt child of Love;
Do not thy birth diſclaim.

DAPH. Tho' fair as Phœbus thou ſhouldſt ſeem,
And were thy words ſoft as his lyre,
They could not move me to deſire;
Wake, ſhepherd, from thy dream.

"Ceaſe to ſoothe thy fruitleſs pain;
"Why for frowns wilt thou be ſuing?
"Ceaſe to languiſh and complain.
"'Tis to ſeek thy own undoing
"Still to love, and love in vain."

APOL. In her ſoft cheeks and beauteous eyes
What new enchanting graces riſe! [*Aſide.*

DUETTO *for* APOLLO *and* DAPHNE.

"APOL. No more deny me;
"O ceaſe to fly me
"Your faithful ſwain.
"DAPH. No longer try me,
"For ever fly me,
"Deſpairing ſwain.
"APOL. Yet hear me.
"DAPH. Forbear me.
"APOL. Let ſighs imploring,
"And looks adoring,
"Still ſpeak my pain.

"DAPH. Your ſighs imploring,
"And looks adoring,
"But move diſdain." [*Exit* Daphne.

APOL. She 's gone—nor knows from whom ſhe [flies.
Miſtaken coyneſs! falſe diſdain!
Phœbus ſhe prais'd, but ſcorns the ſwain—
Then, breaking from this dark diſguiſe,
When Phœbus what he is ſhall ſeem,
My glitt'ring rays and melting lyre
At laſt ſhall warm thee to deſire,
And wake thee, Daphne! from thy dream.

"Where Cupid's bow is failing,
"Ambition's charms prevailing,
"Shall triumph o'er the fair.
"The nymph that Love deſpiſes,
"Some ſecret paſſion prizes,
"That ſtill forbids deſpair." [*Exit* Apollo.

Enter DAPHNE *and* DORIS.

DAPH. Doris, why this trifling tale?
DOR. That good advice may once prevail;
Save one—nor all your lovers loſe.
Alas! that I, poor I, might gain
What you each day refuſe!

DAPH. Take all, and eaſe me of the pain.
DOR. I would—but, ah! 't were now in vain.

" When I was a maiden of twenty,
" And my charms and my lovers were plenty,
" Ah! why did I ever ſay no?
" Now the ſwains, tho' I court them, all fly me;
" I ſigh, but no lover comes nigh me.
" Ye Virgins! be warn'd by my woe.
" Ah! why did I ever ſay no?"

DAPH. Poor Doris! dry thy weeping eyes:
Doſt thou repent thou once wert wiſe?

" Tender hearts to every paſſion
" Still their freedom would betray,
" But how calm is inclination,
" When our reaſon bears the ſway?

" Swains themſelves, while they purſue us,
" Often teach us to deny;
" While we fly they fondly wooe us;
" If we grow too fond they fly."

DOR. Yet might I ſee one courting ſwain,
Tho' but to ſlight him once again!—
But come—I 'll am'rous thoughts give o'er.
DAPH. 'Tis well to leave them at threeſcore!

Haſte then, and at th' appointed place
See if the nymphs expect me for the chaſe.
[*Exit* Doris.

A ſymphony of inſtruments is heard, whilſt Apollo *deſcends in the chariot of the ſun, a crown of rays about his head, and his lyre in his hand.*

DAPH. What ſounds celeſtial ſtrike my ear!
Why does the golden ſource of light
Pour out new day?—how wondrous bright!
Some god deſcends to human ſight;
I 'm charm'd, yet aw'd with fear.
APOL. Daphne, on Phœbus fix thy eye,
With meaner ſhapes deceiv'd no more;
Know I thy beauteous form adore:
Wilt thou a god, a god that loves thee, fly?

Apollo *ſtrikes his lyre, and* Daphne *turns back as ſurpriſed at the ſound.*

"Faireſt Mortal! ſtay and hear;
"Turn thee; leave thy trembling fear:
"Cannot love, with muſic join'd,
"Touch thy unrelenting mind?
"Faireſt Mortal! ſtay and hear;
"Turn thee; leave thy trembling fear."

Hark how the river-ſhores prolong
My ſoft complaints, and murmur to my ſong!

Thy father Peneus feels my pain;
See how his oſiers gently bow,
And ſeem my ſecret ſoul to know!—
DAPH. *aſide*] Alas! my raſh, my fatal vow!
APOL. Wilt thou alone unmov'd remain?

As DAPHNE *is going out ſhe ſtops, and ſings the following air.*

" DAPH. Shall I return?—or no?—
" Charms yet unknown ſurround me;
" Yet Love, thou ne'er ſhalt wound me,
" No more alarm my breaſt.
" Then let me haſte to go—
" Ah! no; my heart replies
" In tender heaving ſighs.—
" Ye Pow'rs! reſtore my reſt."

APOL. O do not go—
DAPH. Doſt thou not know
I'm of Diana's train?
" Thy love forbear—
" APOL. Thy ſcorn forbear—
" DAPH. I muſt not hear.
" APOL. O ſtay and hear.
" DAPH. Thy love } is vain."
" APOL. Thy flight }

[*Exit* Daphne *purſued by* Apollo.

SCENE *changes to the River.*

Re-enter DAPHNE, *looking back as affrighted.*

DAPH. He comes—the ſwift purſuer comes—O where
Shall I eſcape his piercing ſight,
Where hide me from the god of Light?
Ah! 't is in vain—he 's here.

DAPHNE *runs to the ſide of the river, and, as ſhe ſings the following air, is transformed into a laurel-tree.*

" Father Peneus! hear me, aid me!
" Let ſome ſudden change invade me;
" Fix me rooted on thy ſhore.
" Ceaſe, Apollo! to perſuade me,
" I am Daphne now no more"—

APOLLO *enters at the latter-end of the air, and is met by* PEN.

APOL. O fatal flight!—O curs'd diſdain!
O Peneus! how ſhall we our loſs deplore?
But ſee!
The trembling branches yet her ſhape retain!
Tho' Daphne lives a nymph no more,
She lives, fair verdant plant! in thee.
Henceforth be thou Apollo's tree,
And hear what honours to thy leaves remain.

" No thunder e'er ſhall blaſt thy boughs,
" Preſerv'd to grace Apollo's brows,
" Kings, victors, poets, to adorn;
" Oft' in Britannia's iſle thy proſp'rous green

"Shall on the heads of her great chiefs be ſeen,
"And by a Naſſau and a George be worn."

PEN. Still Peneus, with a father's care,
Shall feed thee from his flowing urn
With verdure ever freſh and fair,
Nor this thy deſtin'd change ſhall mourn.

CHORUS, *or* DUETTO *of* APOLLO *and* PENEUS.

"Nature alone can love inſpire;
"Art is vain to move deſire.
"If Nature once the fair incline,
"To their own paſſion they reſign.
"Nature alone can love inſpire;
"Art is vain to move deſire."

A PASTORAL MASK.

SCENE, *A proſpect of a Wood.*

Enter a SHEPHERD, *and ſings.*

"Ye Nymphs and Shepherds of the grove!
"That know the pleaſing pains of love,
"Eager for th' expected bleſſing,
"Sighing, panting for poſſeſſing,
"Leave your flocks, and haſte away,
"With ſolemn ſtate
"To celebrate
"Cupid and Hymen's holiday.

Enter a band of Shepherds on one ſide with garlands; on the other ſide Shepherdeſſes with caniſters of flowers.

CHORUS.

"From the echoing hills and the jovial plains,
"Where pleaſure, and plenty, and happineſs, reigns,
"We leave our flocks, and haſte away,
"With ſolemn ſtate
"To celebrate
"Cupid and Hymen's holiday."

[*A dance here.*]

SCENE *opening diſcovers a pleaſant Bower, with the god of Love aſleep, attended by Cupids, ſome playing with his bow, others ſharpening his arrows,* &c. *On each ſide the Bower walks of cypreſs trees, and fountains playing. A diſtant landſcape terminates the proſpect.*

Verſe for a Shepherdeſs, with flutes.

“ See the mighty pow'r of Love
“ Sleeping in a Cyprian grove!
“ Nymphs and Shepherds, gently ſhed
“ Spices round his ſacred head;
“ On his lovely body ſhower
“ Leaves of roſes, virgin lilies,
“ Cowſlips, violets, daffodilies,
“ And with garlands dreſs the bower.”

Rittornel of flutes: after which Cupid riſes, and ſings with his bow drawn.

“ Yield to the god of ſoft Deſires,
“ Whoſe gentle influence inſpires
“ Every creature
“ Throughout nature
“ With ſprightly joys and genial fires.”

CHORUS *of the Shepherds and Nymphs.*

“ Hail, thou potent deity!
“ Every creature
“ Throughout nature
“ Owns thy pow'r as well as we.”

Enter HYMEN *in a saffron-coloured robe, a chaplet of flowers on his head, and in his hand the nuptial torch, attended by priests.*

"HYM. Behold a greater pow'r than he,
"Behold the marriage deity!"

CHORUS, *by Hymen's Attendants.*

"Behold the marriage deity!
"CUP. *smiling.*] Behold the god of household strife,
"That spoils the happy lover's life,
"And turns a mistress to a wife!
"HYM. Foolish and inconstant boy!
"Thine 's a transitory joy;
"Sudden fits in pleasure's fever;
"Hymen's blessings last for ever.
"CUP. Hymen's bondage lasts for ever;
"Love's free pleasures failing never.
"HYM. Love's stolen pleasures, insincere,
"Purchas'd at a rate too dear;
"Shame and sorrow will destroy,
"If Hymen license not the joy.
"*Both together.*] Then let us join hands and unite."

Last CHORUS *of the Shepherds and Nymphs.*

"How happy, how happy, how happy are we,
"Where Cupid and Hymen in consort agree!
"We 'll revel all day with sports and delight,
"And Hymen and Cupid shall govern the night."

CALYPSO AND TELEMACHUS,

AN OPERA.

Performed at the

QUEEN'S THEATRE IN THE HAY-MARKET.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY MR. GALLIARD.

TO HER GRACE

THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON,

MADAM,

IT is ſome years ſince your Grace, with a condeſcenſion peculiar to yourſelf, was pleaſed to honour ſome very imperfect eſſays of mine with your notice and approbation: you were likewiſe pleaſed, at that time, in the moſt generous manner, to ſignify, that if I ſhould offer any thing of this nature to the public, I might have leave to hope for your encouragement and protection.

This has given me the boldneſs to lay hold of the firſt occaſion which preſented itſelf of acknowledging the obligation which then made ſo grateful an impreſſion on me: and I am proud to own, at the ſame time, that the Duke of Hamilton's early promoting of this Opera has been a great means of its appearing now on the theatre.

As your Grace's elegant taſte in the polite arts has been particularly favourable to the entertainments of the ſtage, ſo you have been pleaſed to honour, with the marks of your diſtinction, ſuch of them as have been the moſt inoffenſive and moral. This is the beſt title the following Opera can have to your Grace's acceptance, to which it is offered with the moſt profound reſpect, by,

MADAM,

Your Grace's moſt obedient, and

moſt humble ſervant,

JOHN HUGHES.

THE PREFACE.

THE following Opera is as an essay for the improvement of theatrical music in the English language, after the model of the Italians.

It is certain that this art has, for a considerable time, flourished in Italy in greater perfection than in any other country. As the Grecians were formerly the masters in architecture, sculpture, painting, and music, whose rules and examples were followed by other nations, the Italians are generally allowed to be so now. It is some years that the music of our theatre has been almost wholly supplied by them. Their most celebrated operas have been introduced among us, and a generous encouragement has been given to such as came over, and performed parts in them on the English stage. By this means the entertainments of Italy are become familiar to us, and our audiences have heard the finest compositions and performances of Rome and Venice without the trouble of travelling to those places,

I am not of the opinion of thoſe who impute this encouragement given to Italian muſic to an affectation of every thing that is foreign: I would rather aſcribe it to the ingenuous temper of the Britiſh nation, that they are willing to be inſtructed in ſo elegant an art by the beſt examples. But after this juſtice done to others, there is likewiſe a juſtice due to ourſelves. It could never have been the intention of thoſe who firſt promoted the Italian Opera that it ſhould take the entire poſſeſſion of our ſtage, to the excluſion of every thing of the like kind which might be produced here. This would be to ſuppreſs that genius which foreigners ſo commonly applaud in the Engliſh; who, if they are not always the inventors of arts, are yet allowed to be no ill learners, and are often obſerved to improve that knowledge which they firſt received from others.

I know not how it comes to be a late opinion among ſome, that Engliſh words are not proper for muſic. That the Engliſh language is not ſo ſoft and full of vowels as the Italian is readily granted; yet this does not prove that it is therefore incapable of harmony. Let it be conſidered whether too great a delicacy in this particular may not run into effeminacy. A due mixture of conſonants is certainly neceſſary to bind the words, which may be other-

wiſe too much diſſolved, and loſe their force: and as theatrical muſic expreſſes a variety of paſſions, it is not requiſite, even for the advantage of the ſound, that the ſyllables ſhould every where languiſh with the ſame looſe and vowelly ſoftneſs.

But what is certainly of much more conſequence in dramatical entertainments is, that they ſhould be performed in a language underſtood by the audience. One would think there ſhould be no need to prove this. The great pleaſure in hearing vocal muſic ariſes from the aſſociation of the ideas raiſed at the ſame time by the expreſſions and the ſounds. Where theſe ideas are ſeparated half the impreſſion is wanting; and where they are improperly joined it is imperfect. It is probable, too, that the pleaſure we receive from the moſt pathetical ſtrains of inſtrumental muſic is in part aſſiſted by ſome ideas which we affix to them, of paſſions which ſeem to be expreſſed by thoſe ſtrains. If the airs in operas may be heard with delight for the ſame reaſon, even when the words are not underſtood, yet it is impoſſible the recitative ſhould give pleaſure which can raiſe no ſuch ideas; this being not ſo properly ſinging, as ſpeaking in muſical cadences. And the uſe of it ſeems to be introduced for the very ſame reaſon which is given by Ariſtotle for the eſtabliſhing the uſe of the Iambic verſe in the Greek tra-

gedy, which is, that though it has not the charms of ſome other kinds of verſe, yet it is more proper for action and dialogue, as it approaches nearer to common ſpeech. Thus recitative muſic takes its riſe from the natural tones and changes of the voice in ſpeaking, and is indeed no more than a ſort of modulated elocution.

The ſtory on which this Opera is formed is well known. The firſt foundation of it is in Homer, who has repreſented Calypſo as a goddeſs in love with Ulyſſes, and detaining him by inſidious arts in the Iſland Ogygia, a ſmall ſpot of land ſituate (according to Ortelius) juſt below the ſouth coaſt of Italy, in the Ionian ſea. The celebrated author of The Adventures of Telemachus has raiſed his invention upon this, by ſuppoſing that the ſon of Ulyſſes was caſt on the ſame iſland after his father had left it. The character of Minerva attending Telemachus in the aſſumed perſon of Mentor, a prince who was his father's friend, is likewiſe Homer's, but further improved by the modern author. To adapt this ſtory to the ſtage, it was neceſſary to change ſome of the incidents; and the part of Proteus is added to give it the greater variety.

I am ſenſible that the ſucceſs of entertainments of this kind depends chiefly on the muſic, and that it is not uſual to expect any thing exact in the

writing. I hope therefore I ſhall be allowed the ſame indulgence which others have had on the like occaſions. The difficulty of confining the ſcenes to ſuch ſhort interchanged ſtages of recitative and airs, and of binding the ſenſe in ſuch choſen meaſures and ſyllables as will beſt give the compoſer room to diſplay his ſkill, is indeed very great; yet, notwithſtanding this, ſome examples of operas and poems for muſic, originally written in our language with great beauty of thought and expreſſion, have ſhewn us that the poetical part is capable of very agreeable heightenings. An opera, I think, is to be conſidered as a ſpecies of poetry compounded out of the lyric and dramatic kinds, admitting of all the beauty of the firſt united with part of the latter. The ſupernatural and allegorical perſons, which may, on ſome occaſions, be introduced in it, though not allowed in tragedy, are amuſing to the imagination; and though theſe are characters formed beyond the bounds of nature and reality, there is a kind of poetical nature that preſides here, and ought to regulate the poet's invention and conduct.

I cannot conclude without acknowledging the pleaſure I have had to find the words of this Opera ſo naturally expreſſed in the muſic, that I believe the gentleman who has compoſed it has offered a

much more prevailing argument than any I could urge, to ſhew that the Engliſh language is capable of the moſt agreeable graces of harmony. I have mentioned this without his leave, yet could not refrain from doing him a juſtice which, I perſuade myſelf, will be confirmed by the opinion of the moſt diſintereſted judges.

CALYPSO AND TELEMACHUS.

Dramatis Personae.

CALYPSO, a goddess inhabiting the island Ogygia.	*Sig. Margarita.*
EUCHARIS, the chief of her nymphs.	*Sig. Manina.*
TELEMACHUS, a young Grecian prince, the son of Ulysses.	*Mrs. Barbier.*
MENTOR, attending Telemachus as his friend, and known to him only under that quality, but is Minerva concealed in the person of Mentor.	*Mrs. Pearson.*
PROTEUS, a sea-god, the son of Neptune and Tethys, represented by the poets as having a power to transform himself into all manner of shapes.	*Mr. Leveridge.*

NYMPHS *attending* Calypso.

SCENE, *The island Ogygia.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Sea-shore.*

CALYPSO, EUCHARIS.

CALYPSO *looking towards the sea.*

HERE, on this beach, he stood, the pride of Greece;
'Twas here from my forsaken isle
The fam'd Ulysses parted;
Nor could eternal spring, that blossoms here,

The promiſe of immortal youth,
Nor all my ſoothing arts—ah! cruel Hero!
Engage thy ſtay.
I ſaw thee climb the ſhip, I ſaw thee ſail,
Till, far in trackleſs ſeas, I loſt the ſight,
Then turn'd away my eyes, which ſince
Have ſerv'd me but to weep thy abſence.

"For thee the rilling waters weep
"That daſh from rocks, or ſoftly creep
"In murmurs to the ſea:
"The winds, that o'er my iſland blow,
"Bear on their breezy wings my woe,
"And, ſighing, call for thee.
"For thee the rilling waters weep
"That daſh from rocks, or ſoftly creep
"In murmurs to the ſea."

EUCH. Behold, divine Calypſo!
Two gallant ſtrangers from the ſhore
Are this way moving:
At yonder creek I ſaw them firſt appear.
CAL. The ſeas run high—'Twas ſuch a day as this
When firſt I ſaw Ulyſſes.
Alas! unknowing I pronounce that name,
Still the fond ſound dwells flatt'ring on my tongue.
Ulyſſes! O Ulyſſes!

EUCH. See, here they come.

CAL. Eucharis,
Withdraw with me, and let us mark them.

[They retire to a corner of the ſtage; Telemachus *and* Mentor *enter at a diſtance.*

SCENE II.

CALYPSO, EUCHARIS, TELEMACHUS, MENTOR.

TEL. Ye gracious Gods!
To what new trial have you hither brought me?

" I go—yet know not where;
" Fate leads, and I obey.
" The brave, ſtill free from fear,
" Purſue their deſtin'd way.
" I go—yet know not where;
" Fate leads, and I obey."

CAL. *aſide.*] 'Tis he, the lovely youth! Ulyſſes' ſon!
His father lives expreſs'd in ev'ry feature.
'Tis—O my conſcious beating heart!—
'Tis he, it is Telemachus.

[Advances to them as they are going off.

Young ſtranger! ſtay;
The land you tread is mine;
How have you dar'd t' approach it without leave?

TEL. O nymph divine! for ſuch thy form beſpeaks [thee,
A ſudden ſhipwreck caſt me on your iſle,

Pity th' unhappy ſon of great Ulyſſes,
That, wand'ring, ſeeks his father:
My father, wand'ring too, o'er ſeas and land,
Has ſpent whole years;
Since from Troy's famous ſiege returning home,
By Fates averſe detain'd,
He ſtrives, in vain, to reach his native ſhore,
That ſeems to fly before him.

CAL. *aſide.*] O! he is all Ulyſſes!—But that friend;
Who is he, or from whence?
Severeſt wiſdom ſits upon his brow,
And majeſty divine.
I'm aw'd, and wiſh him hence.

To TEL.] Well, royal Youth!
All things ſhall ſmile, and thou may'ſt here be happy.
Thy father—but I will not tell thee now—
Firſt let me lead thee to my grotto; there
In gentle ſleep thou ſhalt forget thy cares,
And, waking, bleſs the ſtorm that drove thee hither.

" Pleaſing viſions ſhall attend thee,
" Soft repoſe and blooming joy;
" Smiling hours the gods ſhall ſend thee,
" Happy, then their gifts employ.
" Pleaſing viſions ſhall attend thee,
" Soft repoſe and blooming joy."

[*Exeunt* Calypſo, Telem. *and* Mentor.

SCENE III.

EUCH. Is this Calypſo?—This the mourning fair
That taught the vocal caves and ev'ry echo
To murmur and complain for loſt Ulyſſes?
This young Ulyſſes fires her ſoul; I ſaw,
I ſaw it in her eyes;
She gaz'd, ſhe ſmil'd, and call'd out all her charms,
To ſooth him into fondneſs.

The cave of Proteus *ariſes, adorned with coral, ſhell-fiſh,* &c. *ſea-monſters repreſented around it.*

SCENE IV.

PROTEUS, EUCHARIS.

PROT. Lovely fair!
EUCH. Godlike he look'd and ſpoke,
While ſhe—
PROT. Behold thy lover!
EUCH. With rapture ſaw and heard
What well might charm a goddeſs.
PROT. Behold me, hear me,
Thy lover Proteus—
EUCH. *ſeeing him.*] O the frightful form!
But doubly frightful now. [*Aſide.*
PROT. Proteus adores thee.
EUCH. O Telemachus! [*Aſide.*
PROT. The ſon of Ocean wooes thee to his bed,
In coral caves, and grots of ſhining amber.
EUCH. Alas! [*Aſide.*

PROT. On the green flood I oft' have ſeen
The ſporting ſea-nymphs in a row
Shine in the court of Neptune;
Yet Galatea, if ſhe view'd thy face,
Would dive beneath the waves;
Nor Amphitrite's ſelf is half ſo lovely.

EUCH. If I am lovely, will that make thee ſo?
Proteus forbear—
Of all the various ſhapes thou canſt aſſume
Thou haſt not one to pleaſe me.

"No, no—you'd deceive me,
"Still changing
"And ranging,
"So various a lover
"I never can bear.
"Go, leave me,
"Thou rover!
"To the winds and the waves thy paſſion diſcover,
"They ſooner will hear.
"No, no—you'd deceive me,
"Still changing
"And ranging,
"So various a lover
"I never can bear." [*Exit* Euch.

SCENE V.

PROT. Stay, wand'ring nymph!——if I am full of change,
Thou fly'ſt from thy own likeneſs.
Stay—hear the prophet, if you hate the lover.
Proteus will tell thee—but ſhe's gone—
That all the various ſhapes he can aſſume
Are not ſo various as one courted beauty;
That winds, and waves, and ſhifting ſands,
All, all are female—yet I'll follow her.
Ere this ſhe ſmil'd, and now ſhe frowns;
Anon ſhe'll ſmile again,
While I alone am conſtant.

"Purſue, purſue the flying fair;
"Tho' ſhe fly thee
"'Tis to try thee;
"'Tis a folly to deſpair.
"Purſue, purſue the flying fair." [*Exit after her.*

SCENE VI. *Calypſo's Grotto.*

CALYPSO, TELEMACHUS, MENTOR, EUCHARIS, *and Nymphs attending on* Calypſo.

CAL. Behold, my royal gueſt!
The verdant beauties of this iſle
Wear a new bloom to welcome thee.
The ſpreading vines new dreſs their leaves,

The ſprouting flow'rs rejoice;
And laurels, that imbow'ring ſhade this grotto,
Spring freſh, as if aſpiring to thy brows.
Here end thy labours,
And live for ever bleſt.

TEL. O bounteous goddeſs! O delightful ſcene!
What thanks can I repay?

"A thouſand raptures fill my breaſt,
"And glow thro' ev'ry vein;
"How bright is joy, how grateful reſt,
"Succeeding toil and pain!
"A thouſand raptures fill my breaſt,
"And glow thro' ev'ry vein."

CAL. *aſide.*] I know not why, yet ſtill that chief
Diſturbs my ſight— [unknown
His looks chaſtiſe the pleaſures of this place,
And damp my riſing joy.

TEL. Ye Pow'rs! where'er I turn my eyes
New proſpects riſe to view, new wonders charm me.

CAL. Thy father here enjoy'd ſeven bliſsful years.

TEL. My father!——

CAL. And had he ſtaid till now had ſtill been happy.

TEL. O ſay, divine Calypſo!
Where may I find the King of Ithaca?
Where may I find my father?

CAL. Alas!—thy ſearch is vain.

TEL. O never will I ceaſe
'Till, join'd in his embrace,
With mutual joy I bleſs him, and am bleſt.
CAL. Then know, when he forſook this iſle
His ſhip was loſt,
And he—inquire no more.
TEL. What do I hear?—where am I?
O Ulyſſes!

"If in Elyſian plains he roves,
"And ſilent wanders thro' the groves,
"O let me thither be convey'd!
"I'll die to meet his happy ſhade."

CAL. No—live; be warned, and ſhun thy father's [fate:
Within this iſland grows ambroſial fruit,
Whoſe juice unfading youth beſtows;
When thou haſt taſted this, no more
Shall mortal care approach thee.
Now take ſecure thy reſt;
An inner grotto is prepar'd
For thee and thy brave friend,
Where falling currents from the hills,
At diſtance heard, invite to eaſy ſlumbers,
While nightingales, that haunt the neighb'ring woods,
Cheer all the hours of darkneſs.

"No more let ſorrow wound thee;
"Here Peace, ſtill hov'ring round thee,

" Shall ſmoothly guide the night;
" And Phœbus ev'ry morning,
" With pleaſures new returning,
" Shall bleſs the dawning light."

[*Exeunt* Cal. Euch. *and Nymphs.*

SCENE VII.

TELEMACHUS, MENTOR.

TEL. O Mentor! beſt of friends,
My guide and my ſupport!
What canſt thou ſay to ſooth my ſwelling grief?

MENT. Thy grief is pious;
And yet I fear—

TEL. Why doſt thou chide me with thy eyes?
O ſpeak!—
Thy gloomy ſilence wounds me.

MENT. Then hear me: Let thy father's image
Live in thy ſoul, and waken all thy virtue.

TEL. Can I forget my father?—Let theſe tears
Speak how I mourn his loſs.

MENT. Alas! thou doſt not ſee
What dangers here ſurround thee.

TEL. Danger!—from whence?
Calypſo ſmiles.

MENT. So ſmil'd of late the ocean;
And yet the ſtorm aroſe by which the ſhip,
Ev'n on this ſhore, this faithleſs ſhore, was ſplit.

" Let not pleaſure's charms undo thee;
" Truſt not the deluding joy.
" Tho' the Siren ſoftly woo thee,
" Gaily ſmiling
" And beguiling,
" She 'll thy nobler bliſs deſtroy.
" Let not pleaſure's charms undo thee;
" Truſt not the deluding joy."

TEL. Speak thus for ever!—When I hear thy voice,
I think the gods themſelves
Vouchſafe to give me counſel.
I now perceive thy fears
Leſt I forget my country—No—
I'll leave this charming place,
Would the kind gods but point me out the way,
And favour my return.

TWO VOICES.

" MENT. Hark how the voice of Fame
" Calls loudly, Come away!
" TEL. I hear th' immortal claim;
" I hear, and I obey.
" MENT. Come, come away.
" TEL. I hear, and I obey.
" BOTH. The hero's ſoul, with native fires,
" To glory's nobleſt height aſpires,
" And ſcorns ſupine delay.

"MENT. Hark, how the voice of Fame
"Calls loudly, Come away!
"TEL. I hear the immortal claim;
"I hear, and I obey.
"MENT. Come, come away.
"TEL. I hear, and I obey." [*Ex.* Ment. *and* Tel.

ACT. II. SCENE I.

A large Hall, adorned with trophies, suits of armour, &c.

EUCHARIS *and* TELEMACHUS.

EUCHARIS.

See the fair palace built to entertain
Troy's greatest foe, thy conqu'ring sire!
Trophies of finish'd war behold,
Thus plac'd around to fill the hero's soul
With pleasing visions of his labours past.
TEL. The sight reproaches me—
Why do I languish here?
Is there no Troy for me to conquer?
To arms, to arms!—Mentor, my friend, where art thou?
Lead me to war, to danger, and to glory.
EUCH. What means Telemachus?
TEL. Let me implore, fair Nymph! thy aid
To hasten my departure.
EUCH. Depart?—It must not, cannot be.

Alas! thou doſt not know Calypſo.
'Twas thus Ulyſſes periſh'd by her rage:
She, ſhe deſtroy'd thy father.
TEL. So kind, and yet ſo cruel!—Let me fly
Far from her ſight.
EUCH. Fly her revenge you cannot if you go;
But if you ſtay,
By me aſſiſted to elude her arts,
You here may live in peace.
TEL. Thy gen'rous pity moves me—
EUCH. Perhaps there is a kinder reaſon too——
O ſtay!

" How ſhall I ſpeak my ſecret pain,
" Yet how that pain conceal?
" Alas! ev'n ſilence now is vain;
" My looks my heart reveal.
" How ſhall I ſpeak my ſecret pain,
" Yet how that pain conceal?"

TEL. What do I feel. [*Aſide.*]—Turn not away
thoſe eyes,
But look again—and fix me here for ever.

" Ambition! ceaſe t' alarm me;
" Empire and fame adieu:
" Love only now can charm me,
" And only love from you.

"Ambition! ceaſe t' alarm me;
"Empire and fame adieu."

Towards the end of the air Mentor *enters, and ſtands privately at a corner of the ſtage.*

EUCH. Unhappy Eucharis!
TEL. O why that ſigh?
Why thoſe ſoft eyes of ſorrow?
EUCH. I'ave heard too much—Farewell!
TEL. You will not leave me?
EUCH. Mentor, thy friend, will ſoon be here,
And ſummon thee away.
TEL. Thou ſeeſt I have no pow'r to go;
Why doſt thou then upbraid me?
EUCH. It was a ſudden fear
That chill'd my boding heart.
But ſee!—the early morning calls
To rural ſports; wilt thou with me
Go ſhare the pleaſures of the ſprightly chaſe?
TEL. With thee thoſe pleaſures will have double charms.
EUCH. I'll haſten and prepare a ſylvan train,
And, ere the ſun has drawn the dews away,
I will attend thee to the woods
To hunt the flying prey.

"In all her charms Aurora gay
"Now ſmiling from the ſky appears;

" Rejoicing birds ſalute the day,
" And ev'ry grove new beauty wears.
" In all her charms Aurora gay
" Now ſmiling from the ſky appears." [*Exit.* Euch.

MENTOR *comes forward.*

SCENE II.

MENTOR, TELEMACHUS.

MENT. Where is the ſon of that immortal hero,
Wiſe, valiant, great in arms, that vanquiſh'd Troy?
Where is Telemachus, the heir
Of all his father's virtue?
TEL. Alas! my conſcious eyes betray me. [*Aſide.*
MENT. If thou art he—Ah! no;—Telemachus
Would not thus coldly meet his friend,
Who brings him news of joy.
TEL. My ſecret woes—
MENT. What ſecret woe is that
Which Mentor may not ſhare? I come to tell thee
The gods have heard thy pray'rs.
TEL. *aſide.*] O too enchanting beauty!
MENT. I ſaw juſt now the bird that bears the thunder
From heav'n deſcend, then tow'ring riſe again,
And o'er th' adjacent grove
Fall to the point of op'ning day
I mark'd his ſteady flight.
That way great Jove provides
The means for our departure.

" No longer let these looks of grief
" Thy drooping courage show.
" TEL. *aside.*] O cruel Heav'n!—by this relief
" I'm deeper plung'd in woe."
But since Ulysses is no more, [*To* Ment.
Why must we leave this place?
Why court new danger?
MENT. Hast thou forgot thy native land,
The best of mothers there,
And fair Antiope, that royal maid
That secret sighs for thee?
All these demand thee.
TEL. After so many tedious years
Who now expects Telemachus?
Perhaps ere this some neighb'ring prince,
Too potent to be long deny'd,
Usurps my father's bed and throne.
How could I bear that sight? yet how revenge,
Where certain death would meet me?
MENT. Vain fears!—imagin'd danger!
Confess, inglorious youth! the real cause—
TEL. Is immortality then, offer'd here,
A cause inglorious?
MENT. It is—nor can you here obtain it:
Or if you could—
What is it here but life prolong'd in shame?
Farewell— [*Going, he turns back several times.*
Yet must I leave thee?

I muſt—the gods will have it ſo—
I ſee thee loſt, undone.
What can I do to ſave thee?

" Fatal change!—what do I ſee?
" No more, alas! no more in thee
" The hero now I trace.
" Where is now the ſprightly fire
" That did thy godlike ſoul inſpire,
" And ſhew'd thy gen'rous race?
" Fatal change!—What do I ſee?
" No more, alas! no more in thee
" The hero now I trace." [*Exit* Mentor.

SCENE III.

TEL. He 's gone—and I—unhappy!
His parting looks and voice
Have ſtruck a ſhiv'ring thro' my veins,
As if with him my guardian genius
Were fled for ever from me.
I 'll haſte and follow him—Ah! no;
What magic holds me here?
O Mentor!—Eucharis!
O my divided heart!
Thy charms alone, victorious Beauty!
Can calm this tempeſt of my ſoul,
And ſooth me into peace.

" O Cupid! gentle Boy!
" Reſtore me to the fair;
" To Love's auſpicious joy
" I'll fly from gloomy care.
" O Cupid! gentle Boy!
" Reſtore me to the fair!" [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The Grotto.*

CAL. Shall Greece the beauteous youth regain?
Shall he, too, like Ulyſſes, leave me?
No—Here in ſoft endearing chains
I'll hold him ever mine.
O mighty Love!
What is thy flame in human breaſts,
When I, a goddeſs, yield
To thy ſuperior ſway?

" All hail, imperial Love!
" Not Jove himſelf, immortal Jove,
" From thy great pow'r is free.
" The ſpacious realms of earth and ſea,
" And all the azure plains above,
" All, all are full of thee.
" All hail, imperial Love!
" Not Jove himſelf, immortal Jove,
" From thy great pow'r is free."

SCENE V.

CALYPSO, MENTOR.

CAL. Mentor alone! [*Aſide.*]—Illuſtrious Greek!
Where is Telemachus?
MENT. Does not Calypſo know?
The foreſt now is all his pleaſure:
With ardour yet unknown
His youthful breaſt is fir'd:
Fair Eucharis—but ſure by thy command,
Invites him to the chaſe.
CAL. Invites him! when?
MENT. Ev'n now.
CAL. Didſt thou ſay Eucharis?
MENT. Bright Eucharis!
Thy lovelieſt nymph, and next thyſelf divine.
CAL. *aſide.*] It cannot be—with Eucharis!
And I unknowing?—
O! 't is too plain—Haſte, haſte to Proteus,
Say I muſt ſee him here. [*To one of her Attendants.*
But have you left your friend? [*To* Ment.
Will you not follow him?
Or why, to ſhare theſe ſylvan ſports,
Why is not Mentor there?
MENT. Why not Calypſo?

" From me, from thee, he turns his eyes;
" To lonely glades,
" To diſtant ſhades,
" From me, from thee, he flies.

" He glows, he burns with new delight;
" What can infpire
" This wondrous fire?
" What charms than thine more bright?
" From me, from thee, he turns his eyes;
" To lonely glades,
" To diftant fhades,
" From me, from thee, he flies." [*Exit* Mentor.

SCENE VI.

CAL. Then let him fly—
Calypfo fcorns the fcorner.
Yet fly to whom?—To Eucharis?—
Rife, rife, ye Storms! the foreft fhake;
Fall lightning on the kindling groves,
And blaft—Ah! no;—yet fpare Telemachus.
Perhaps belov'd, he loves her not again—
But fure I 'ave feen their guilty eyes
Meet in fecret looks of paffion.
Shall I then yield him?—No:
I'll yet fecure the lovely prize,
And yet he fhall be mine.

SCENE VII.

PROTEUS, CALYPSO.

" PROT. See, goddefs of this happy land!
" Proteus is here at thy command.

"For thee I leave my oozy caves
"On the green margin of the waves.
"See, goddeſs of this happy land!
"Proteus is here at thy command."

CAL. Hear, ſon of Neptune! hear
Why Calypſo calls thee hither.
A beauteous nymph adorns my train,
Belov'd by thee—I know thy paſſion.
PROT. She flies my vain purſuit,
Yet warms me more
Than the bright ſun, whoſe cheering beams
Each noon I ſeek, while my ſea-herds
Sleep on the weedy ſhore around me.
CAL. This day ſhall ſee her thine.
PROT. O mighty bliſs!
CAL. But firſt attend what Love and I enjoin thee.
A Grecian ſtranger is thy rival.—
Haſte to the woods, and find theſe lovers there:
Perplex their way, diſturb the chaſe,
And Eucharis, by me beſtow'd,
Shall be thy fair reward.

"Let love inſpire thee;
"And, more to fire thee,
"Rage, hope, and jealous hate, combine.
"Haſte, haſte to gain her;
"By art obtain her,
"And make th' inconſtant beauty thine.

" Let Love inſpire thee;
" And, more to fire thee,
" Rage, hope, and jealous hate, combine."

SCENE VIII. *The Woods.*

Prelude of inſtrumental muſic.

TEL. EUCH. *and Nymphs, enter as to the Chaſe.*

EUCH. The ſpacious woods are all around us;
There lies our way.
TEL. All I ſee and hear delights me.
Sure theſe are great Diana's train,
And thou the goddeſs.

" Hark! the hollow groves reſounding
" Echo to the hunter's cry.
" Hark! how all the vales ſurrounding
" To his cheering voice reply.

" Now ſo ſwift o'er hills aſpiring
" He purſues the gay delight;
" Diſtant woods and plains retiring,
" Seem to vaniſh from his ſight.

" Hark! the hollow groves reſounding
" Echo to the hunter's cry.
" Hark! how all the vales ſurrounding
" To his cheering voice reply."
EUCH. See, ſee!—near yonder brake
Behold the liſt'ning deer!

TEL. Lead on; and, like thy conqu'ring eyes,
Unerring be thy hand. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

After a prelude of inſtrumental muſic TEL. *re-enters.*

TEL. I 'ave loſt the track—Sure there 's enchantment here.
A riſing vapour, like a cloud,
This moment ſtopp'd my pace,
And ſpread a ſudden night around me.
'Tis gone—Where 's Eucharis?—
My ear will guide me:
This way I hear the ſound. [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

PROTEUS *following* TELEMACHUS.

PROT. He 's now alone,
Nor knows that artful cloud was Proteus.
What likeneſs cannot I aſſume?
I'll follow him,
And in the form of Eucharis
I'll more diſtract his ſight.

SCENE XI.

PROT. *re-enters in the ſhape of* EUCH. *followed by* TEL.

TEL. To find thee here exceeds all other pleaſures;
But why doſt thou retire?

Why with dejected looks forbid my joy?
O ſtay, thou brighteſt Fair!

Proteus *retires to the further part of the ſcene, and, as* Telemachus *advances towards him, ſinks under the ſtage: a tree riſes in his ſtead.*

" TEL. Amazing change!—What do I ſee!
" O fatal loſs! O wondrous tree!
" What envious pow'r, in this diſguiſe,
" Removes my charmer from my eyes?"

Perhaps this bark by magic holds
Th' impriſon'd ſtruggling beauty.
Aſſiſt me, Gods! to ſet her free.

Telemachus *goes to ſtrike the tree, which is ſuddenly changed into fire, and vaniſhes.*

SCENE XII.

EUCHARIS, TELEMACHUS.

EUCH. Telemachus!—alas!—ſurpriſe
Sits on thy brow.
What means this ſudden horror?

TEL. O fair deluſion! ſtay;
Hover a while to bleſs my eyes
Ere thou again deceive me.

EUCH. Thy words are wild! trembling thy voice!
Thou doſt not know me!

TEL. 'Tis ſhe herſelf!—'Tis Eucharis!
My joyful heart aſſures me
'Tis ſhe—Vain fears away.

EUCH. What fear?—O ſay!
TEL. Juſt now I ſaw thee here;
I ſaw thee, or ſome beauteous phantom
Smil'd lovely in thy borrow'd charms:
I gaz'd—but loſt thy heav'nly image—
Which now aroſe a tree, but ſoon
In flaſhing fire eſcap'd my wond'ring ſight.
EUCH. Wonder no more:
Proteus, that changeful Pow'r! was here,
Who with unwelcome paſſion wooes me,
And took theſe viſionary forms
To drive thee to deſpair.

TWO VOICES.

"TEL. My charmer!—EUCH. My treaſure!
"TEL. To meet thee,
"EUCH. To greet thee,
"BOTH. Is joy paſt expreſſing.
"No more let us part;
"With tranſport confeſſing
"I feel a new pleaſure
"That glides thro' my heart.
"TEL. My charmer!—EUCH. My treaſure!
"TEL. To meet thee,
"EUCH. To greet thee,
"BOTH. Is joy paſt expreſſing.
"No more let us part."

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Proſpect, with woods at a diſtance.

CALYPSO, PROTEUS.

CALYPSO.

SAY, didſt thou meet his frighted eyes
In all thy various ſhapes of terror?
What ſavage form that breeds in caves,
Or haunts the hills and ſandy deſert,
Did Proteus wear? Say, how didſt thou deceive him?
PROT. What form ſo likely to deceive
As that of ſoft enchanting beauty?
I caught him with the ſeeming ſmiles
Of Eucharis—that falſe, yet charming fair!
CAL. Where are they now?
You ſaid they met again.
PROT. Yet Proteus ſtill was near;
And folded in a ſerpent's train
I lay conceal'd, where, weary with the chaſe,
She led him to a cheering banquet.
Curſe on the ſight!—I ſaw, I ſaw
The nymphs officious wait around,
And fill in flowing cups ambroſial juice
To make the flatter'd boy immortal.
CAL. Return, return;
Why did you leave 'em?
PROT. To tell thee, goddeſs,

He's now alone; the treach'rous nymph,
To hide her paſſion, comes t' attend on thee.

CAL. Proteus, ſhe's thine this moment—
Alone!—Once more I'll ſee him. [*Aſide.*

" Come, ev'ry Grace adorn me!
" To charm thoſe eyes that charm me,
" Love, now thy aid ſupply.
" Or if th' ungrateful ſcorn me,
" Ye riſing Furies arm me!
" Unpity'd he ſhall die.
" Come, ev'ry Grace adorn me!
" To charm thoſe eyes that charm me,
" Love, now thy aid ſupply." [*Ex.* Cal. Prot.

SCENE II. *A Canopy in the wood.*

TELEMACHUS *ſleeping.*

MENTOR. He ſmiles—he dreams—gay viſions fill
his ſoul
Of golden ſcenes and bright Elyſian pleaſure.
O fond deluded youth!—Telemachus,
When, when wilt thou awake
To virtue and to fame?
He knows not Mentor yet—Sleep on;
Another Mentor ſhall deceive thy eyes,
Ere yet the deſtin'd hour is come to ſave thee.
[*Exit* Mentor.

SCENE III.

TELEMACHUS *ſtill ſleeping.*

CAL. This is the place——Alas!
What awes me ent'ring here?
Sure ſomething ſacred hovers near him.
See!——roſy bloom and brighter youth
Shine in his face.——Has Eucharis
Improv'd thoſe charms?——He ſmiles,
As if he heard that pleaſing name,
And ev'n in ſleep he ſeems to ſcorn Calypſo.
Fond Love be gone——Revenge, revenge!
This ſpear ſhall right my injur'd beauty.

[*Snatching his hunting-ſpear.*

But ſee——he ſmiles again!
Perhaps he dreams that Eucharis
Has made him now immortal.
This to convince thee——No——

[*Going to ſtrike, ſhe ſtops.*

Ere yet I ſtrike the fatal blow
I'll tell him how he wrongs me.

"Awake! impending vengeance ſee;
"Once more behold the day and me,
"Then ſink to ſhades of endleſs night,
"And catch, with dying eyes, the light.
"Awake! impending vengeance ſee;
"Once more behold the day and me."

He wakes—my fainting anger dies.
[*Throws away the fpear.*
O tyrant Love! O weak Calypfo!
TEL. *waking.*] Where is my Eucharis? my fair!
Alas!—Calypfo!— [*Starting.*
CAL. What! doft thou ftart to view me here?
Ungrateful!—does thy guilt affright thee?
Or doft thou know Calypfo comes
To take revenge for all her flighted bounty?
TEL. Revenge!
CAL. "Where is my Eucharis? my fair!"—
Did not that name recall thy doom?
Returning pity would have fpar'd thee.
TEL. My doom!—what caufe—will great Ca-[lypfo—
CAL. I'll hear no more.
Fly from my ifle, Invader! fly:
Yet fhall my rage,
Like lightning, blaft thee in thy flight—
Fly to thy nymph, thy Eucharis,
And fee if fhe can fave thee. [*Exit* Calypfo.

SCENE IV.

TEL. Can death alarm me?—Do I dream?
Or did I tafte the wondrous juice
That can beftow
Celeftial youth and ever-blooming joy?
Alas!—ftill mortal forrow pains me.
O Eucharis!—O only fair!

If I muſt live, yet loſing thee,
Take back th' immortal cruel gift,
And let me die——or ſtill be happy.

" Hear me, Love! my ſorrows ending;
" While I wander thro' this ſhade,
" Venus, with thy doves deſcending,
" Guide me to the beauteous maid.
" All ye ſmiling Loves attending,
" Come in pity to my aid.
" Hear me, Love! my ſorrows ending;
" While I wander thro' this ſhade,
" Venus, with thy doves deſcending,
" Guide me to the beauteous maid." [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

PROTEUS *following* TELEMACHUS.

PROT. Still I trace thee, hated boy!
Nor ſhalt thou now eſcape my fury——
[*Going, he turns back.*
Yet ſtay——I ſaw, upon the winding ſhore,
As on a pointed rock I ſat,
When firſt he landed in this iſle,
I ſaw a friend of godlike port attend him:
I mark'd that ſtranger's mien——
Where is he now?——
I'll wear his viſage, and decoy
My rival to his ruin.

"Ye monſters that ſleep
"In the cells of the deep,
"To revenge your great maſter prepare;
"I'll ſeize and I'll throw
"To the waves my proud foe,
"Then ſoon I'll recover the fair.
"Ye monſters that ſleep
"In the cells of the deep,
"To revenge your great maſter prepare." [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

EUCH. He's gone—Telemachus!—No voice re-
Thro' all the ſpacious hollows of the wood [plies;
A ſacred ſilence reigns.
Telemachus!—Alas!
Ev'n Echo now is mute.
He's gone—perhaps for ever!
O Proteus! O Calypſo!
How ſhall I now appeaſe you?

"Cruel Cupid! break thy darts;
"Love and conqueſt are no more:
"Vain are all my ſofter arts;
"Hope deceives me,
"Pleaſure leaves me,
"I muſt now my loſs deplore.
"Cruel Cupid! break thy darts;
"Love and conqueſt are no more." [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

The Sea-shore, and the Cave of PROTEUS.

PROT. *enters in the likeness of* MENT. *followed by* TEL.

TEL. Gods! can it be?
Does Mentor then approve my passion?
How shall I speak
My grateful soul, and my o'erflowing joy?
Yet—whither dost thou lead me?

Proteus *enters the cave, and returns immediately in his own shape.*

PROT. Behold that Mentor now!
Proteus, thy rival.
TEL. Assist me, mighty Jove!
PROT. In Mentor's shape I had no pow'r to harm thee;
But now thy life is mine.

Telemachus *drawing his sword, is seized by* Proteus.

Mentor *enters, and* Proteus, *loosing his hold, runs into the cave, and sinks with it into the sea.*

SCENE VIII.

TELEMACHUS, MENTOR.

TEL. What hand divine—
My friend!—'Tis he, the real godlike Mentor!
Yet how can I, with guilty eyes, behold him?

MENT. Return, return to friendſhip and to glory.
TEL. O no—I'm loſt in ſhame.
Why did you ſave me?—let me die—
Yet let me die within thoſe generous arms.
I cannot live—
And think how I have wrong'd thy wondrous bounty.
MENT. This glowing virtue on thy cheek
Reſtores thee to thyſelf and me.
Yet fly—Telemachus!
Fly from this inchanted ground
That ſinks away beneath thee: ſnares and ruin
Are ſpread thro' all the treach'rous ſoil.
TEL. Lead me, my guardian Spirit! ſave me;
But, oh!—
MENT. What is that breathing ſorrow?
TEL. O Eucharis!
Alas! forgive my ſoul's returning ſoftneſs.
MENT. Awake from that illuſive dream.
She's gone, the fleeting ſhadow's gone:
Calypſo gives her to the changeful god,
The price of vow'd revenge on thee.
TEL. O let me once behold the mourning fair!
MENT. Still ſhe deludes thee.
Th' alluring cup ſhe lately gave
Was fill'd with noxious juice
T' enſlave thy reaſon's nobler pow'rs.

TWO VOICES.

"MENT. O break the charm, the charmer leave,
"Nor let her more thy heart deceive.
"TEL. I'll break the charm, the charmer leave,
"Nor ſhall ſhe more my heart deceive."

'Tis done—O falſe enſnaring beauty!
In this laſt ſigh—Farewell. [*Aſide.*

Here a machine of clouds deſcending, fills the ſtage, ſeparating Mentor *from* Telemachus.

TEL. Where am I now? O loſt Telemachus!
Does Mentor too forſake me?
See! ſee what ſtores of vengeance are deſcending?
Great Jove!—I wait thy mighty will;
Here end my life, or eaſe my ſorrow!

"Joy forſakes me, hope is fled.
"Break ye low'ring clouds aſunder,
"Pour your thunder
"Quick on this devoted head!
"Joy forſakes me, hope is fled."

The clouds opening on a ſudden, the ſtage is illuminated, and in the midſt of the machine Mentor *now appears as* Minerva.

SCENE IX.

MINERVA, TELEMACHUS.

MIN. Telemachus! deſpair no more.
TEL. O all ye Pow'rs!
What ſound familiar ſtrikes my ear!
What glories open to my ſight!
Minerva's form!—the voice of Mentor!
MIN. Minerva now behold,
Who long conceal'd in Mentor's form
Attended thee thro' ev'ry danger,
To guide thy wand'ring youth, and in thy ſoul
To raiſe and finiſh all the growing hero.
Fly falſe delights.—Ulyſſes lives;
Calypſo wrong'd thy fond belief;
Ulyſſes lives, and thou again ſhalt ſee him.
TEL. *kneeling.*] Daughter of Jove! celeſtial Maid!
O let me ever thus adore thee!
MIN. Ariſe—To Ithaca I'll now convey thee;
There bright Antiope,
That beauteous daughter of the Cretan king,
Shall crown thy chaſter love
With ev'ry charm and ev'ry royal virtue.
Think on the honours of thy race, and know,
When hoary age and rip'ning fame
Shall gather to the gods thy ſire,
Telemachus ſhall fill his throne,
And ſhine in all his propagated glory.

"See thoſe golden beams, how bright!
"Heav'n deſcends in ſtreaming rays,
"And foreſhows thee joyful days.
"Pallas guards thee;
"Jove rewards thee;
"Happy years begin their flight.
"See thoſe golden beams, how bright!
"Heav'n deſcends in ſtreaming rays,
"And foreſhows thee joyful days."

Telemachus *goes into the machine with* Minerva: *as it is aſcending*, Calypſo, Proteus, *and* Eucharis, *enter*.

SCENE X.

CALYPSO, PROTEUS, EUCHARIS, *and Nymphs*.

PROT. Calypſo, ſee where he aſcends!
Behold the pow'r divine that guards him;
Mentor no more, but great Minerva.

CAL. *aſide*.] O hated ſight!—

EUCH. O Proteus! what have I endur'd
For ſcorn of thee?

PROT. Complain no more; but ſmile, and make me happy.

CAL. Robb'd of my love and my revenge!
Jove, it is thy will—I'll hence away,
And give a looſe to frenzy and deſpair.

'Tis vain to ſtrive againſt ſuperior gods;
Yet ſhall my fury blaſt the tainted earth,
And ſplit the trembling rocks around me.

" No longer here ſhall Nature ſmile,
" Nor ſpring perpetual grace my iſle;
" Hence all ye flatt'ring pleaſures, fly!
" Eternal gloom blot out the day;
" Fade ev'ry flow'r; each tree decay:
" O that Calypſo too could die!"

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